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ARROWS AND ANECDOTES,

BY,

DWIGHT L. MOODY;

WITH A SKETCH OF HIS EARLY LIFE,

AND

THE STORY OF THE GREAT REVIVAL.

BY JOHN LOBB,

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PREFACE.

IT has been a regret expressed by many that an enlarged collection of anecdotes and forcible words by Mr. MOODY has not been published. With the present volume I have endeavored to supply that need, and in it will be found many "Arrowy words, which kindle as they fly." Seeing that Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY are fellow-laborers in the gospel, it has been deemed to be only just that the "Story of the Great Revival," wrought chiefly through their instrumentality, should be briefly recorded here, and also a short biography of the men who were such devoted leaders.

The religious movement, conducted by Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY in the chief cities of Great Britain and Ireland, during the years 1873-4-5, in many respects stands unparalleled in the history of revivals, and their visit will long be held in grateful and loving remembrance by thousands. To many it was the occasion of an awakening to spiritual life from the death of sin—a deliverance from the bondage of Satan into the light and

liberty of God's salvation. To many others, already in possession of religious life, it proved a time of quickening and renewed consecration of body, soul, and spirit to the service of the Redeemer. It was also the means and opportunity of drawing together, in a way not often seen before in this country, Christian men and women of various denominations, who seemed to forget their differences in one common object—the salvation of men.

To Christian workers in the pulpit, platform, school, or class-room, it is hoped these pages will prove of valuable service, and aid them in bringing home to the hearts of their charge the grand truths of Christianity.

May the circulation of this volume greatly promote the work of Christ in the world, which those devoted Evangelists have so deeply at heart.

JOHN LOBB.

89 FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON E. C.,
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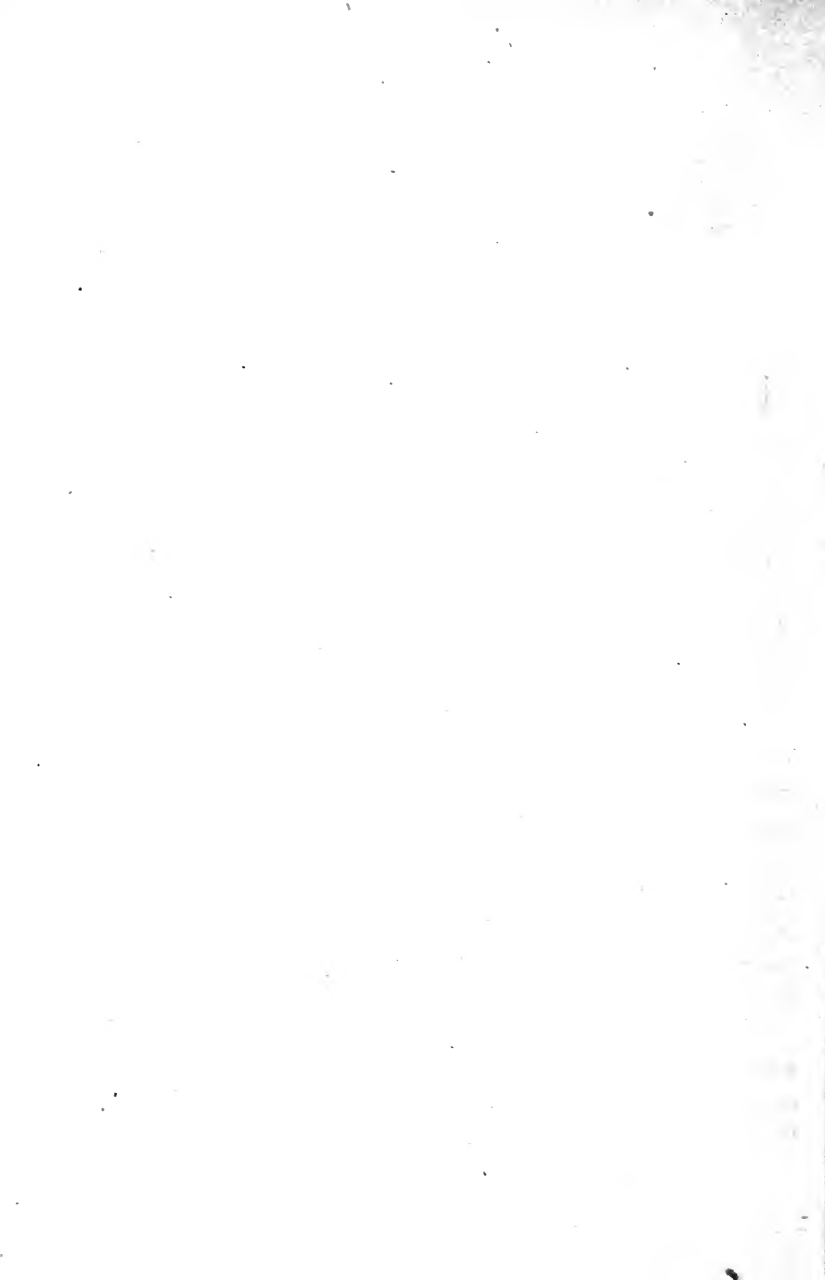
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DWIGHT L. MOODY.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Northfield, Mass., February 5, 1837, at which place his ancestors had lived since its first settlement in 1673. When little over four years of age his father was suddenly attacked with violent pain while at his work, and in an hour or two expired on his knees. Mrs. Moody was thus left a widow, with seven young children, of whom Dwight Lyman was the sixth, and an acre or two of land encumbered with debt. To add to her difficulties, a month after twins were born.

Under such an accumulation of trouble many would have been utterly crushed ; but the noble woman, with a strength and heroism that only a firm faith in the Unseen could give, courageously faced the difficulties of the position, and with a little aid managed to keep her family together. Uniting the duties of both parents, she not only toiled and contrived for their temporal wants, but instructed their minds in those Christian truths which are able to make wise unto salvation.

To add to her sorrows, one of her elder sons, from whom she should have received help and sympathy, became wild and left home. We will let Mr. Moody tell the touching tale of his return in his own words :

"I well remember the long winter nights when we all sat round the fire, how mother would go on telling us all about our father and his goodness—she was never tired of talking about him. But if any of us mentioned our eldest brother, all would be hushed in a moment. She never could speak of him without tears. She said it would have eased her heart, even to know he was dead. 'I don't know,' she would say, 'but he is lying sick in some foreign land, with nobody to watch over him.' I do believe she would have gone all round the world to find him. Some nights I used to hear that mother's voice praying for that boy. Ah! how she used to pour out her heart in prayer to God for her wandering son; and when on winter nights a great gale would come sweeping and howling along, she would turn pale, and, in a voice choked by sobs, would say: 'Perhaps my boy is at sea with the gale blowing, and in peril of going down.' Well, on one particular day there was always a family gathering to thank God for the harvest, and on this occasion she always put a chair for him, but the chair was always empty. Many and many a time have I gone to the window in the hope that I should see him coming up the garden-walk to cheer our mother's heart, but all was in vain—he did n't come. And so time rolled on; the step that was once so firm became feeble, and the hair that was black as night became silvery gray. How she loved that boy! But amid all this disappointment she held fast to the hope that she would yet see him come back before she died. One day, as she sat in

the little cottage, her twin children with her, (for the rest of us had gone away into the world, one in one direction, and another in another, to fight the battle of life,) she saw a stranger coming through the gate. At first, she did not recognize that boy, with his long beard and altered face, but when she saw the tears straggling down his cheeks, the truth flashed on her in an instant, and she sprang to him with the words: 'Come in, come in.' 'No, mother,' he said, 'I will not until you forgive me—never.' Do you believe she forgave him? Forgive him! She threw her arms round him and kissed him—the dead was alive, the lost was found! I cannot tell you the joy that welled up in my heart when I heard the news that my poor, long-lost brother had come home again; but this I know, the tears were wiped away from that mother's eyes, and the sunshine of happiness was in her heart again."

Young Dwight seems, as a boy, to have possessed an unusual amount of muscular strength and animal spirits, with a strong will that knew little of impossibility or submission. When only six years old, being wistful to do something to help his mother, he was set to drive the cows of a neighboring farmer to and from their mountain pasture. On one occasion a heavy fence fell upon him, from which he could not extricate himself. After trying his utmost and crying as loud as he could for help, but in vain, the thought struck him that God would help him if he asked him. In his own simple language he called on his mother's God for help, and then made another

effort, and succeeded in getting free. This circumstance seems to have made a vivid impression on his young heart.

At a proper age he was sent to the district school, which he attended till after he was sixteen, but when he left, his education was exceedingly imperfect. Indifferent reading and writing, worse spelling, with a very small modicum of arithmetic, were all the attainments he could boast of. This must not be considered as a reflection upon the competence of the school authorities, who no doubt did their best ; but is to be attributed to the inherent love of fun and mischief that distinguished their pupil, which so sorely taxed the patience of his teacher that on one occasion he threatened to have him expelled from the school.

Thus, at the age of seventeen, we find him, ignorant and rustic in manner, shabby and unfashionable in attire, but with a physical constitution of iron, and a proud self-will to match; leaving his mountain home for the commercial emporium of Boston, to fight his way through the world. A student of human nature would have detected in him an immense amount of undeveloped power for good or evil, but as unlikely as possible to become a preacher of the Gospel.

His mother's brother, Mr. S. Holton, who kept a boot and shoe store in Boston, received him into his employ with some amount of misgiving, and imposed the conditions that he was not to be out in the streets at night, or to visit places of worldly amusement ; and that he was to attend the Mount Vernon Church and Sunday-school.

His first efforts at business were of a satisfactory and characteristic order. He would stand at the door ready to meet all comers, and, when no customers came, would go out into the street to see whom he could meet with that looked like persons requiring boots and shoes ; and thus, before he had been three months in the store he had sold more goods than any of his fellow-salesmen.

To the Congregational Church of Mount Vernon; then under the pastorate of Dr. Kirk, young Moody, according to agreement, wended his way, and was duly entered in the Sabbath-school, and placed in a class under the care of Mr. E. Kimball, whose efforts at first seemed destined to meet with as little success as those of the village schoolmaster ; but Mr. Kimball was a man of God, who had the salvation of his scholars near his heart, and one day he called upon young Moody at his uncle's store, and placing his hand on his shoulder, asked him if he would give his heart to Christ. It arrested him ; led him to sincere repentance ; and shortly afterwards he received the assurance of pardon.

Having now become a partaker of Divine grace, he very soon gave evidence that he had no intention of being a silent Christian ; for he began at once, on all available occasions in connection with the church, to speak of the change of heart that he had experienced ; and being anxious to identify himself with the Lord's people, he presented himself as a candidate for membership in the Mount Vernon Church. It would appear, however, that the doors of this church were most strictly

guarded, for not only had candidates to give a satisfactory account of their religious experience, but had also to undergo an examination in theological doctrine. Moody not being able to give a systematic definition of the various points of faith—though no doubts were expressed as to the genuineness of his conversion—was refused admission into the church for the time, and advised to remain outside its pale till his mind was better informed! A lad with less mettle in him might have been turned aside under such discouragements; and the Day of Judgment alone will reveal how much youthful but sincere zeal has been lost to Christ and the world by the coldness and discouragements of senior professors. Six months after, (May, 1855,) a second application met with more success, and he was duly enrolled as a church-member.

New difficulties now beset his religious course. Feeling within him an unconquerable desire for the salvation of his fellow-men, he commenced praying and speaking at every meeting he attended, which soon raised the ire of the elder and quieter members, till the pastor himself was induced to try his skill at damping this youthful ardor and apparent indiscretion. He might as well have attempted to have put an extinguisher on Vesuvius! Young Moody endeavored to make the best of his position for some time, but feeling like a caged eagle, and longing for greater freedom of action, after five months' church-membership he left Boston for the far West.

He arrived at Chicago in September, 1855, which

city was destined to become to him a field of missionary work and success seldom equalled in the annals of Christian labor. He succeeded in obtaining a situation in the boot and shoe store of Mr. Wismall, who says of him at this time: "His habits were exact and economical. As a salesman, he was just the same zealous and tireless worker he afterwards became in religion." He prided himself in selling the greatest number of boots, and thus securing the largest amount of profit, of all that were employed in the store.

The clerks and warehousemen in the neighborhood being anxious to cultivate friendly acquaintanceship and promote mutual mental improvement, established a debating class in Mr. Wismall's store, where, on certain evenings, they would meet to discuss theological and political subjects. Among other questions, that of slavery was then the most prominent in American politics; and Moody, true to his Massachusetts training, made no scruple to avow himself an ardent Abolitionist.

Moody had also inherited another peculiarity of the Bay State—puritanical ideas respecting pastimes and amusements; and on one occasion, coming suddenly upon some of his fellow-clerks playing a game of draughts, he somewhat rudely broke the board to pieces, fell on his knees, and commenced praying for the astonished delinquents.

His first effort at missionary work in Chicago was to hire four pews in the Plymouth Congregational Church, which he had joined, and to induce a sufficient number

of young men to attend service to fill them. Finding, however, some amount of discouragement again from the church on account of his frequent praying and speaking, he was induced to attend a Methodist class-meeting, and to identify himself with a mission band in connection with that community—a band of young men who devoted their Sabbath mornings to visiting and distributing tracts in various parts of the city. While engaged in this capacity he fell in with a small Sunday-school, and expressed a desire to the superintendent to be allowed to labor as a teacher therein. That official, unlike many other Sabbath-school superintendents, happened to be burdened with too many teachers already; but gave him permission to teach as many new scholars as he could himself induce to attend the school. Nothing daunted by such a condition, which some young men would have considered an insult to their dignity, he set to work, and the next Sunday walked in at the head of eighteen ragged lads, bareheaded and barefooted!

The sailors in the river next attracted his attention, and he began in the spring of 1857 to devote his Sunday mornings to their spiritual welfare by distributing tracts and Testaments, giving spiritual advice, holding prayer-meetings in the vessels where practicable, visiting the sailors' boarding-houses, and sometimes, by way of change, the hospitals and jails of the city. Thus his entire being seemed absorbed in the one great object of saving men from ruin, and spreading the Redeemer's kingdom.

There existed at that time in Chicago a notoriously wicked and depraved locality, known as "The Sands." It was the resort of gamblers, thieves, harlots, and all that was corrupt. To this moral cesspool, neglected and given up in despair by the various religious institutions of the city, Moody determined to devote his energies. A saloon near the North Market was rented, and a Sunday-school commenced in good earnest. Among the by-streets of the Sands he wended his way Sabbath after Sabbath, seeking the neglected and the forgotten, the vagrant and the cutcast. To him but one idea presented itself—the greater the sinner, the greater the need of the Saviour; and in view of this all other difficulties vanished like the morning cloud. Finding neither tracts nor Testaments of much use to gain the confidence and attendance of the wretched, half-clad children of this district, he was induced to try the power of *sweets*, and filling his pockets with maple-sugar, would sally forth on his errand of kindness.

Having by these means secured a large attendance of ragged urchins, the next question was what to do with them. In such a sphere of labor few could be found with sufficient courage and self-denial to engage; but he succeeded in inducing two friends to cast in their lot with him. These three worthies appear to have had their patience and wits taxed to the utmost to quell disputes, separate combatants, and otherwise preserve some semblance of order. Notwithstanding these untoward circumstances the undertaking prospered. The saloon

soon became too small, and a larger room over the North Market was secured, for which Moody set to work collecting funds for seats. Having secured the services of Mr. J. V. Farwell as superintendent, in addition to his other two faithful coadjutors, he set to work, with renewed zeal and a replenished stock of maple-sugar, beating up new scholars, and within a year of the opening of this hall the average attendance had reached 650. His missionary excursions in the Sands often exposed him to persecution, and sometimes he had to run for his life; but defeat and discouragement were meaningless terms to him, and in spite of all difficulties the school prospered, and began to attract the attention of the religious community, till volunteers at last came forward in abundance to take part in the work of teaching.

To estimate the results of the six years' labor in connection with this remarkable school, would be utterly impossible. Many who were thus picked up from the lowest dregs of the population, became useful and respectable members of society, and true and devoted Christians. One cold day in February, a poor lad, with an old and tattered overcoat round his body, and his legs wrapped in paper as a substitute for trousers, presented himself at the school-door. Moody gave him a welcome, and at once placed him in a class. That lad became a true Christian gentleman, occupied a position commanding a large salary, and held the post of superintendent of an important Sunday-school. On one occasion, the school was visited by President Lincoln, who gave an

address to the scholars. Thus the labors of this self-denying man, began among difficulties that would have made most men quail, were crowned by the Great Head of the church with abundant honor and success.

In the meantime he had cast his lot with the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, and in connection therewith had been made a great blessing. One of its institutions was a noonday prayer-meeting, which had fallen into lamentable neglect, and one day the attendance consisted of one old Scotchwoman, who went through the entire service by herself. Hearing of this, Mr. Moody set to work with his accustomed fervor of spirit, and in a short time secured a large and regular attendance.

In the midst of all these labors for Christ, he still continued faithfully to attend to his employer's interests; and after serving Mr. Wismall two years, made an engagement to act in the capacity of commercial traveller to Mr. C. N. Henderson. Whatever the length of his journey, or distance from home, he would always manage to return at the week's end in time for his Sunday's labors; and for this purpose was allowed, by the kindness of the railway manager over whose lines he had to travel, a free pass to and fro. But his ardent soul longed for a more entire devotion to the work of God; and after much prayer, being assured of the leadings of the Holy Spirit, he relinquished all business engagements, and decided to give all his time to the work of God. It was an act of faith. No society offered him a

salary, neither did he seek for one. "God," said he to a friend, "will provide for me if he wishes me to keep on, and I shall keep on till I am obliged to stop." To this resolution he has always adhered. He has never received a salary from any individual or institution, and since he relinquished business has never engaged in any commercial undertaking or speculation. God has sometimes severely tried his faith, and he has been reduced to the verge of want, but help has always come. He has since had abundant opportunity of amassing money, but has stood firm by his original decision and given up all for Christ.

Out of the small amount he had saved, he invested in a pony, in order to extend his labors throughout the city, mounted on which he might be seen hunting up the street Arabs; and he would sometimes arrive at the school-door with the animal almost covered with young ragamuffins of all sizes, followed by a string of others holding on to its tail or to each other.

The year 1861 will always be remembered with sorrow in connection with one of the most dreadful episodes of modern history, the great American Rebellion, in which men of the same race, speaking the same language, and professing the same faith, were engaged in deadly strife. Shortly after the commencement of the war a camp was formed near the city of Chicago. Such an unusual opportunity for doing good was not likely to escape the observation of a man like Moody, who at once organized a committee and established a regular system of visita-

tion, public worship, and prayer-meetings among the troops. So great was the success of this undertaking that the committee had very shortly to appeal for help, and one hundred and fifty Christian workers were found to volunteer their services. Of this body of laborers Mr. Moody was the mainspring of action ; himself constantly at the work, rushing from tent to tent and from camp to camp, preaching, praying, and conversing with the soldiers.

The result was that many of these men were converted to God, and after the war was over, became useful members of Christian churches. When the news arrived of the action at Fort Donelson, February 13, 1862, it was resolved to send a special committee to the field of battle, and Mr. Moody, Dr. Patterson, and Mr. Jacobs, were selected for that purpose.

A new sphere of action was now open to him, into which he threw himself with his wonted energy, during the whole four years of that sanguinary struggle. To visit the field of battle, to administer the consolations of religion to the wounded and dying, was a work he was well qualified to perform. It was in this school that the Lord was training his servant for the great work of showing sinners the nearest and shortest way to salvation. Souls within an hour or two, and in some cases only a few minutes of eternity, required to know in as simple words as possible what they should do to be saved, and to them a willing Saviour and a present salvation were questions of vital importance. In this way many precious souls,

in death, far from friends and home, were led to find refuge and hope in Christ.

About 10,000 Southern prisoners having been lodged at Camp Douglas, Mr. Moody turned his attention to their spiritual welfare, and in connection with Mr. Hawley, the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, obtained admission to their quarters; meetings were held with them daily, and a great revival of religion took place among these men.

It would be impossible to give the details of this truly Christ-like work throughout the whole of that fierce war; but some idea of the actual amount performed may be gathered from the committee's report for 1865, which informs us that the following were distributed: 1,537 Bibles, 20,565 Testaments, 1,000 Prayer-books, 2,025 Hymn-books, 127,000 religious newspapers, and 44,000 tracts.

While all this was going on, however, home-work was not being neglected; and the North Market Hall having become too small, it was decided in 1863 to erect a more commodious house for worship and school purposes in Illinois street, the cost of which, \$20,000, was collected by Mr. Moody. The school had increased to 1,000 scholars, and about 300 of their parents had been led to the Saviour, and were regular attendants at the services. This was all a clear gain for the cause of truth and righteousness, as nearly all these people had been rescued from the most irreligious of the population. The question now occurred as to the status of this congregation

in the religious community. Mr. Moody had started with no intention of establishing a new church, but rather to draft off his converts into those existing churches in Chicago that were most suitable to their views and predilections. Difficulties, however, constantly presented themselves, as most of these people having had no previous knowledge of religious life, had no predilections on the subject whatever; and besides, a common interest and sympathy bound them together to the mission that had rescued them and to its beloved founder. It was therefore decided, with the concurrence and approval of the ministers of the city, to constitute it into a district church, with Mr. Moody as its pastor. The code of doctrines drawn out for its members to subscribe to embodied all those Evangelical and Scriptural points of Divinity which so prominently figure in Mr. Moody's public addresses, while its government and discipline—as might be expected—were of the most democratic order. As a pastor, he faithfully discharged his duty in making the acquaintance of every member of his flock, constantly visiting and sympathizing with their wants and sufferings. A friend gives an account of his having visited 200 distinct families in one day. Most of his flock having been brought to God under direct efforts, a bond of love and unity existed between pastor and people such as has seldom been witnessed in the annals of Christendom.

In 1865 the Young Men's Christian Association elected him as its president. Its meetings had hitherto

been conducted in a building quite inadequate to the requirements of its growing importance, and he at once set to work to procure a new hall for its use. This beautiful and commodious edifice, which cost about 100,000 dollars, was named, after his old friend and fellow-helper, Farwell Hall. Some idea of the work of God that was then being carried on may be gathered from the fact that at the noonday prayer-meeting a thousand persons were generally present. The services at this meeting were lively and varied, no exercise, whether of singing, reading, or praying, being allowed to occupy more than three minutes.

This splendid building was of short existence. It was completed in September, 1867, and entirely destroyed by fire in the following January. Nothing daunted, however, by this catastrophe, he set to work and raised funds for a second edifice, which was speedily erected on the site of the first.

After four years' presidency of the Young Men's Christian Association he declined re-election, and accepted the office of vice, under his friend Mr. Farwell.

After leaving business, Mr. Moody had made his residence in one of the prayer-rooms of the Association's premises, and a dark coal cellar under a staircase was used by him for secret prayer. On the 28th August, 1862, he became united in marriage to Miss Emma Revell, and removed to a small cottage. His domestic life has been a happy one, but his faith has sometimes been put to the severest tests. One day, on leaving

home for his labor of love, he remarked to his wife: "I have no money, and the house is without supplies. It looks as if the Lord has had enough of me in this mission work, and is going to send me back again to sell boots and shoes." In a day or two a stranger sent him two checks for fifty dollars each, one for himself and one for his school. On another occasion his wife informed him that they had no flour for the day's use, and asked him to order some on his way. Having no money in his possession, he was perplexed how to proceed to raise the required amount; but meeting a person in whose spiritual welfare he was concerned, he forgot all about such sub-lunary considerations as money and flour, and went heart and soul into his pastoral work. On his return home at night he felt somewhat nervous about his reception, on account of his not having sent home the flour, but to his joyful surprise he found that on his arrival the table was spread with a bountiful repast. A friend had had one of those peculiar impressions so often associated with prayer and faith, and that morning had sent a barrel of flour. Some friends, who felt confidence in this servant of God and were interested in his work, unknown to him select a new house and furnished it throughout with every facility for convenience and comfort, and when all was completed, invited him and his family to it, and made him a present of the lease of the house and all its contents. Thus the Great Master took care of his servant, and honored his faith and trust, though He sometimes tried it.

A great calamity now overtook the city where his



labors had been so signally successful. On the 8th October, 1871, the great fire of Chicago commenced, and swept in its ravages an area of four miles in length by one mile in breadth. Buildings of all sorts were destroyed, and among the rest the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, Mr. Moody's church, and his new residence. Thousands were thus rendered destitute and homeless, many of them having barely escaped with their lives, having suffered the loss of all things. Into this scene of want and suffering he at once threw his whole soul, in procuring and distributing food and clothing to the perishing. Partly to obtain relief for the sufferers, and also to collect funds for rebuilding his church and school, he started on a tour down east, holding revival services at Brooklyn, Philadelphia, &c., which were greatly blessed to the churches in which he labored. Encouraged by the success of his appeals, it was at once determined to erect on the site of the former church an immense wooden tabernacle. In a short time, by the aid of the voluntary labors of many of his flock, the new structure was ready, and although all was ruin and desolation around it, yet on the first Sabbath more than a thousand children were present, and at the public service the building was crowded. In respect to real revival work, the glory of this latter house was destined to excel the former. Its meetings were crowded, and hundreds were brought to a knowledge of the Saviour. The following programme of an ordinary Sunday's service will give some idea of the amount of work done at this tabernacle:—

NINE O'CLOCK.—The Lord's Supper.

HALF-PAST TEN.—Preaching by Mr. Moody.

AFTER SERVICE.—Dinner in the Class-Room with the Teachers, and Conversation on the Day's Lessons.

THREE O'CLOCK.—Sunday School, Mr. Moody superintending.

AFTER SCHOOL.—Teachers' Prayer Meeting, led by Mr. Moody.

THEN SUPPER, in the Class-Room.

AFTER SUPPER.—Yokefellows' Prayer Meeting.

HALF-PAST SEVEN.—Preaching Service, by Mr. Moody.

AFTER SERVICE.—Inquiry Meetings, lasting as long as there were any inquirers needing counsel, sometimes extending far into the night.

In the spring of 1872 Mr. Moody paid a short visit to England, principally to attend the Evangelical Conference at Mildmay Park, London, and an impression seems to have become fixed on his mind that he should return thither on an evangelistic tour, believing that He who had so signally owned his labors in the New World would also make him a blessing in the land of his forefathers. The recital of this wonderful campaign will be found narrated in another chapter.

Thus he who was the poor, fatherless lad, starting in life with neither education, money, nor patrons; with a knowledge of no other book than the Bible; speaking no language but that of his mother-tongue, and that but imperfectly; with purity of life and an implicit faith in his Saviour; with but one object supreme, before which all others were made to bend—the object of saving men from sin in death—had, clothed in the panoply of divine strength, achieved, though yet comparatively young, a success that will cause his name to be blessed by the present and future generations, and to be held in everlasting remembrance even as long as the kingdom of the Redeemer shall exist.



I. D. SANKEY.

THE life and character of Ira David Sankey presents, in many respects, a striking contrast to that of Mr. Moody. He was born in 1840, at Edinburgh, Pennsylvania. His parents both belonged to the Methodist Episcopal church; and his father was a man of wealth and position, being for some years a member of the Pennsylvania House of Legislation. When about six years of age, a pious old Scotchman used to take him to the Sunday-school, and talk to him about good things; the humble efforts of this aged pilgrim seem to have made a lasting impression on his young mind. At the age of fifteen, during a revival of religion in his native town, he was led to see his state as a lost sinner, and to give his heart to God. This he appears to have done thoroughly and unreservedly, and he at once joined the church of which his parents were members.

About a year after this the family removed to Newcastle, where his father took the management of a bank, and Ira was placed in a first-class school to complete his

education. Here he joined himself to the Methodist Episcopal church, in Jefferson street, and took a prominent part in the service of praise.

When quite a child, his aptitude for singing and capacity for music began to develop in a marked manner. Any tune that he had once heard he could sing off, and his vocal abilities were called into requisition at the day and Sunday schools.

When twenty years of age, he was appointed to the office of superintendent of a Sunday-school, numbering about 350 scholars. It was in this capacity he commenced that course of singing the Gospel in solos that has subsequently rendered his name so famous. The effect upon the school was most successful; scholars crowded in till there was no more room, and many of their parents, who were induced to come to hear the "sweet singer," received lasting good.

Shortly afterwards he was appointed to the important office of class leader, having in his class about seventy of God's people, who assembled week after week to talk over religious experience, and receive counsel and advice. For such a young man it was a weighty charge, but it led him to study the Book of books—the well-spring of truth—to search for hidden manna wherewith to feed the flock of God.

During the great Rebellion, a regiment was raised in Newcastle, at the call of President Lincoln, in which Mr. Sankey enlisted for three months' service, at the expiration of which term he retired and entered a department

of the civil service under his father, in which position he remained till he relinquished temporal pursuits.

His fame as a singer of the Gospel had, in the meantime, spread far and wide, and calls were constantly pouring in from all directions for his services; and it became a question with him whether it were not his special mission to engage entirely in this somewhat peculiar mode of Christian work. He had not been taught the art of music professionally by any master, but the gift seemed a special dispensation from Heaven, and understanding it in this light, he would pray over his singing in secret just the same as if he were going to preach a sermon. It was no wonder, therefore, that the Holy Spirit gave the seal of his approbation to his undertakings. Laying the whole matter before God, and placing himself and his talent at His disposal, he waited for the providential call, which was not long in coming.

At a convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Indianapolis, in 1871, a prayer-meeting was appointed for seven o'clock one morning. The singing at first appears to have been of the slowest and dullest order, till some one noticing Mr. Sankey in the meeting, requested him to come forward and take the lead. No sooner had he done so, than the effect upon the meeting became strikingly apparent. Mr. Moody was present, and at its close sought an interview, and urged him to relinquish his business engagements and cast in his lot with him in his work at Chicago.

After much prayer and consultation with his friends,

he determined to go to Chicago for one week as a trial. During this week his labors with Mr. Moody were so much blessed, and the two men became so closely drawn towards each other, that he determined at once to throw up business and give himself entirely to the work.

Six months after occurred the great fire of Chicago, and while Mr. Moody went on his eastern tour, Mr. Sankey returned for a short time to his family. On the rebuilding of the Tabernacle, however, he threw himself again into the work, and took a very active part in the revival that followed. One day he was called to visit a dying child in a miserable hut: "Are you a Christian?" asked the evangelist. "Yes." "When did you become one?" "Do you remember last Thursday in the Tabernacle, when we had that little singing meeting, and you sang: 'Jesus loves even me'? It was last Thursday I believed on the Lord Jesus; and now I am going to be with him to-day."

Thus these two worthy men, trained in different schools of thought and action, in many respects the very opposite of each other, were drawn together by the leadings of the Holy Spirit to be the instruments of performing the great achievements that have since astonished the world. Moody, though an impressive and effective preacher, could never sing a stave; Sankey, one of the most touching and clearly enunciating singers of the age, could never preach a sermon, but the two together have very appropriately supplied each other's lack.

At the time when Mr. Moody was contemplating

coming to Great Britain, Mr. Sankey was corresponding with Philip Phillips with a view of taking a tour together on the Pacific Coast. Asking advice of a friend as to which course to take, he received the very sensible advice: "Two workers in the same line, especially two singers, are sure not to agree. Go with Moody; then you can do your work, and he can do his, and there will be no occasion of conflict between you." After much prayer, therefore, he decided to accompany Mr. Moody.

Mr. Sankey's name will long be held in grateful remembrance for the selection of spiritual songs which bears his name, most of which he has rendered popular by his exquisite solo singing. As a Revival Hymn Book, taking size and price into consideration, it stands alone; and will long remain in use to afford direction to the seeking penitent, comfort to the tried and tempted, and to prompt to activity in the cause of saving souls.

There are two of these hymns which appear to be especial favorites with Mr. Sankey, each of which has a little history of its own, with which we will conclude this sketch.

"THE NINETY AND NINE."

The following remarks respecting this now celebrated hymn appeared in the *New York Tribune*:

"One of the most celebrated of Mr. Sankey's collection of hymns is the 'The Ninety and Nine.' It was a favorite in England, and is much admired here. Several statements concerning its origin have been published,

which conflict with each other, and no one of them, Mr. Sankey said yesterday, is correct. The true facts in the case are these: When Mr. Sankey was in England for the first time, with Mr. Moody, he bought a copy of the *Christian Age*, a London religious paper, publishing Mr. Talmage's sermons. In one corner was found this hymn.* He had never seen or heard of it before. It pleased him, and seemed adapted to religious work. He cut it out of the paper, and three days afterward, sang it at a meeting in the Free Assembly Hall, at Edinburgh, having composed the music himself. A short time after he received a letter from a lady, thanking him for having sung the hymn, and stating that the author was her sister, Miss Eliza C. Clephane, of Melrose, Scotland. She had written the hymn in 1868, and shortly after died.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold,

But one was out on the hills away,

Far off from the gates of gold;

Away on the mountain; wild and bare,

Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;

Are they not enough for thee?"

But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine

Has wandered away from me;

And although the road be rough and steep,

I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed;

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through

Ere he found his sheep that was lost.

* This hymn was published in the *Christian Age*, Vol. VI., page 161, May 13, 1874.

Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

“Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountains’ track?”

“They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.”

“Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?”

“They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.”

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,

There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,

“Rejoice! I have found my sheep!”

And the angels echoed around the throne,

“Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!”

“JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.”

This hymn was originally written as a description of the powerful revival of religion in Newark, N. J., in 1864, when hundreds were led by the Holy Spirit to find peace and joy in believing in Jesus. It was on a Saturday afternoon, when one of the largest churches was crowded with children and adults, that R. G. Pardee, who has done so much for Sunday-schools in America, made some very impressive remarks on the answer given to blind Bartimeus, in Luke 18:37: “They told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.” Miss Campbell was present, and shortly after wrote those words which have been sung by thousands and tens of thousands, the world over.

A gambler came into a morning meeting, which crowded a Congregational church in Lockport, N. Y., while they were singing that hymn, and at the close of it, though it was the first meeting he had attended, he

arose, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, begged Christians to pray for him. Earnest prayer at once ascended in his behalf, and it was answered.

As this hymn is generally printed in an abridged form, we subjoin a complete version :

What means this eager, anxious throng,
Pressing our busy streets along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
Voices, in accents hushed, reply:
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”

E’en children feel the potent spell,
And haste their new-found joy to tell;
In crowds they to the place repair
Where Christians daily bow in prayer.
Hosannas mingle with the cry:
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”

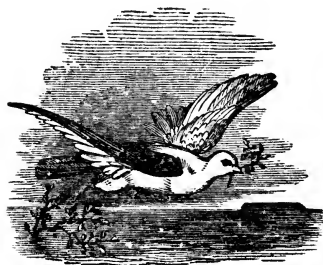
Who is this Jesus? Why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger—has he skill
To charm the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply:
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”

Jesus! ’t is he who once below
Man’s pathway trod, ’mid pain and woe;
And burdened hearts, where’er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry:
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”

Again he comes; from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace;
He pauses at our threshold—nay,
He enters, condescends to stay!
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”

Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home;
Lost wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace!
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

But if you still this call refuse,
And dare such wondrous love abuse,
So will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn:
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by!*"





THE STORY OF THE GREAT REVIVAL.

THE visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Great Britain was undoubtedly a work of faith. Up to the very day appointed for leaving Chicago, Mr. Moody had not the money to pay the passage to England, yet he had arranged that day for starting, and had bidden adieu to his church. A few hours before the time the train was to leave, a friend, who knew nothing of the position of affairs, but thinking a little cash might be useful after they arrived in England, went to say good-by, and placed five hundred dollars in Mr. Moody's hand. Before starting they had mutually agreed to take no salary of any individual, committee, or society for their work ; to make no collections ; to engage in no business pursuits or speculations ; but to go forth in the name of God, relying solely on him.

They sailed from New York on the 7th of June, 1873, and arrived at Liverpool on the 17th. No one, however, required their service *then* in that town ; and on their arrival they ascertained that Rev. W. Pennefather of London, and Mr. Bainbridge of Newcastle, who had both taken a leading part in inviting them over, were dead.

Having also had an invitation from the Secretary of the Christian Young Men's Association at York, they at once proceeded to that city. Their commencement was by no means encouraging; at their first meeting only eight persons were present. No one seemed to understand revivalistic work in that steady-going old cathedral city. After a week or two, however, Mr. Moody's mode of expounding the Bible began to attract attention, and though the clergy of all denominations gave them the cold shoulder, the people soon began to flock to their meetings, and during their month's stay in York about 250 souls professed to find the Lord.

On the 27th July they opened their commission at Bethesda Baptist Chapel, Sunderland. Here, as at York, the clergy again stood aloof, and some of them went farther, and attempted to thwart the movement by opposition pamphlets. The meetings, however, were well attended, and many souls were brought to the Saviour.

The next move was to Newcastle, where the work began in good earnest, the evangelists making their headquarters at Rye Hill Chapel, a large edifice, which soon became crowded to overflowing. Here the ministers of the town, including several of the Established Church, not only countenanced, but many of them took an active part in the work. The awakening at last became so general, that for miles around requests were sent for Christian men to go to the surrounding towns and villages, to hold revivalist services. Meetings were

held for merchants in the Assembly Hall, and in the Tyne Theatre for mechanics ; but even these commodious buildings generally failed to hold half the people who sought admission, and a thousand people assembled daily at the noon prayer-meetings.

After short visits to Carlisle, Darlington, &c., they arrived in Edinburgh, on Saturday, November 21st. Here they found the ground prepared for them. A prayer-meeting had been established some time before their arrival, to supplicate the Divine blessing on their labors, and many of the Lord's Israel were waiting for and expecting the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The largest halls and churches in the city were placed at their disposal, but these were all found too small for the people who flocked to hear the now popular strangers. During their stay in the Scottish capital, an immense number professed to find the Lord, among them a chairman of an infidel club, who has since become a successful evangelist. Seventeen other members of this same infidel club were also converted. As a result of this revival work in Edinburgh, 3,000 persons were received into the various churches of that city, besides a large number already in church-fellowship who received the quickening influences of the Spirit.

On the 21st January, 1874, they began laboring in Dundee with great success ; upwards of 400 persons applied for converts' tickets for a meeting appointed for their benefit, who all professed to have received pardon through believing in Jesus, in connection with these services.

Glasgow was reached on February 8th. For a month previous special prayer had been made for the blessing of God upon their labors, and now ministers of all denominations were seen happily blending their influence and services for spreading the mighty work, which rolled on with increasing and irresistible force, drawing men and women of all grades of society within its blessed influence. Signal good was done among the dock-laborers, for whom special services were held during the dinner hour. Night after night the large City Hall was crowded, and ultimately the Ribble Palace, in the Botanical Gardens, was secured, which, though capable of seating 6,000, was found too small for the crowds of anxious listeners. Among the converts during their stay there was a Glasgow merchant, who has since devoted himself to the evangelistic work, and, through his instrumentality, 160 souls have been added to the church in a small place near the city. On one evening a meeting was specially held for young converts, and over 3,000 of this class assembled, professing to have found the Lord during the revival services. On their last Sabbath evening in Glasgow, the number in and around the palace was estimated at 50,000. Mr. Moody, therefore, decided to preach from the carriage, which was done with such marvellous effect, that at its conclusion the great palace was converted into an inquiry-room. The meeting was kept up till near eleven o'clock, and many souls were set at liberty through believing in Christ.

From Glasgow short visits were made to Paisley,

Greenock, and Gourock, which were also attended with blessed results, and about the middle of May a flying visit of three days was paid to Edinburgh.

After a second, but short stay at Dundee, the evangelists commenced their mission at Aberdeen, June 14th. No building in the Granite city was found at all adequate for the occasion, but being fine summer weather it was found desirable to hold the meetings in the open air, the usual attendance being from 12,000 to 20,000.

During the first week in July Inverness was reached, where a profound impression was made upon the Highlanders, and many were converted. After visiting a few other places in the extreme north of Scotland they directed their course for Ireland.

On Sunday, September 6th, Moody and Sankey held their first meeting in Belfast, at Donegal-Square Chapel, at 8 A. M. Each service held on this day was crowded to overflowing. A noon prayer-meeting was started as usual, and though the hall was capable of holding 1,400 persons, it was crowded day by day. In order to reach the greatest number, separate services were held for men and women; and on Sundays it was found necessary to hold the meetings out of doors. On September 27th, the morning service was attended with such an overwhelming sense of the Divine Presence and such a spiritual baptism, that the whole of the rest of the day was devoted to an inquiry meeting, which lasted from two till ten P. M. On another occasion, 200 young men gave themselves to Christ at one meeting. On October 8th,

a great open-air meeting was held, at which many thousands were present. On the 11th, they visited Londonderry, where meetings were held with great success for four days, and they then returned to conduct farewell services in Belfast.

On the 24th October, they commenced in Dublin, the Exhibition Palace having been engaged for the purpose. The first who professed conversion in connection with the work in Dublin, was a young man who had been brought up in the Romish church, and so many of that persuasion attended the services that Cardinal Cullen was induced to interdict his "lambs" from hearing the men who were turning the world upside down. Mr. Moody's unsectarian method of preaching the word and explaining the simple story of the cross, however, still continued to attract large numbers of Papists, many of whom were converted to the truth. Special meetings were held for the soldiers of the Curragh Camp, who highly appreciated Mr. Moody's homely style of oratory; also for children, who came by thousands from the surrounding towns. A band of atheists tried to interfere with the good being done, spreading themselves about the hall during service, and afterwards trying to turn the inquiry meetings into debating scenes, but their schemes were frustrated by the prudence and firmness of the managers. It being announced that £1,500 would be required for the necessary expenses in connection with the revival work in Dublin, subscriptions were, without solicitation, sent in to the committee from all classes,

which speedily covered that amount. The labors of Moody and Sankey in Dublin were continued till the end of November, and closed with a three days' convention, which was attended by about 800 ministers of various denominations, besides multitudes of Christian workers from all parts of Ireland. The second day was devoted for the benefit and edification of new converts, and about 200 persons attended, who professed to have given their hearts to Christ during the services.

Manchester became the next arena of labor, the meetings there commencing December 2. The large Free Trade Hall was secured for the noon meetings, and was attended daily by between two and three thousand. Meetings for Christian workers were also held in this hall on Sunday morning, at eight, which were well attended, and resulted in an awakening among believers. Manchester was parcelled out into districts, and every house visited. One remarkable feature of this work was an awakening of religious life among the girls employed in the cotton-mills, many of whom were brought to Christ. The Young Men's Christian Association being in great want of a suitable building in which to conduct their operations, Mr. Moody made an appeal on its behalf at a meeting, and at its close a collection was taken, which was afterwards made up to the amount required, £30,000. This brought new life and activity into the association, and about 500 names were added to its membership.

After a month of successful labors in Manchester,

Moody and Sankey commenced, at nine o'clock on the night of December 31, in Sheffield. The watch-night service was held in the Albert Hall, which was crowded to excess ; and, with thanksgiving to the Great Head of the church, this remarkable year of spiritual success was closed. It was proposed to divide Sheffield into visiting districts, as in Manchester, but on account of the opposition of some of the parochial clergy this idea was abandoned.

Two weeks were spent successfully at Sheffield, and then the evangelists proceeded to Birmingham, and commenced at the Town Hall, January 17, 1875. This magnificent hall capable of seating 5,000, was crowded to excess morning and afternoon, and another meeting was held in the evening at Bingley Hall. This building has accommodation for ten or twelve thousand, but so great was the desire to hear the celebrated Americans, that it was computed that twice that number had to go away after the hall was filled. The interest was sustained during the whole of the two weeks, and the services were brought to a close by a convention, attended by ministers and evangelists from all parts of the United Kingdom. At a meeting for converts held before they left, 2,000 applied for tickets of admission, giving their names and addresses, 1,400 of whom professed to have found the Lord during the preceding fortnight.

After a week's rest they next proceeded to Liverpool, which was now ready and waiting to receive them. A special structure had been erected, dignified by the name

of Victoria Hall, with accommodation for 10,000. Large as it was, however, eighteen services were held per week in this hall, and the noon prayer-meeting was generally attended by about 6,000. The hall being inadequate to meet the requirements, a large building in the vicinity, formerly used as a circus, was fitted up for the overflow meetings. Special services were held for sailors, ship-builders, etc., with marked success.

Preparations had in the meantime, been made on an extensive scale for Moody and Sankey's visit to London. A committee of management had been formed, and included many men of wealth and position in the commercial and religious world, and it was arranged that they should spend four months in the metropolis. Prayer-meetings had been commenced in October, 1874, at Moorgate Street Hall, which were creditably sustained. A preparatory meeting of ministers having been held at Freemason's Hall, the evangelists held their first public services, March 9, 1875, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. This immense room was fitted up to seat about 14,000, the adjoining St. Mary's Hall being used for overflow meetings; and one of the large galleries of the great hall was partitioned off for an inquiry-room. For five weeks Mr. Moody conducted two services every day except Saturday. Exeter Hall, in addition, was retained for noon prayer-meetings, which were afterwards held in the Opera-House, and finally in the Victoria Theatre, Lambeth.

After five weeks' continuous labor at the Agricultural

Hall, Moody and Sankey removed to a spacious wooden structure, specially erected for the purpose, in Burdett-road, Bow, in the extreme east of London, which though seating 10,000, was far from adequate to meet the requirements of those who sought admission, and a large tent was erected close by for the accommodation of those who failed to gain admittance to the hall, in which services were conducted by Mr. Cole, of Chicago, and others. One day a notorious dog-fighter was brought to Christ, who afterwards related his experience in the Opera-House, at a noon meeting, with thrilling effect.

Her Majesty's Opera-House, Haymarket, after some litigation, had been secured for the West-end services, and for several weeks Moody and Sankey divided their time between this and the Eastern Hall, the fastest conveyances being engaged to drive them from one to the other, a distance of about five miles. During the meetings at the Opera-House many of the nobility and gentry attended, and some members of the Royal Family paid occasional visits.

To accommodate the south of London, another immense wooden structure was erected near Camberwell-Green, with sitting room for 8,000. Here, as in other places, the numbers outside were about as many as those who succeeded in gaining admission, and meetings were held in the adjoining street and neighboring chapels. Among the converts were several Jews, Roman-catholics, and infidels.

Thus the great work progressed, increasing in inter-

est rather than diminishing, till the last public service was held at the Camberwell Hall, July 11, 1875.

On Monday, July 12, a thanksgiving and farewell meeting was held at the Mildmay Park Conference Hall, where a large number of ministers and Christian workers assembled to bid adieu to the Americans. At this meeting, Dr. A. Bonar stated that in Glasgow alone 7,000 had been added to the various churches during the year. With deep emotion they bade farewell to the assembly, and in a few days were on the ocean, homeward bound.

Having thus briefly sketched the history of this remarkable religious movement, the inquiry naturally arises as to what cause or causes it is to be attributed. Many theories have been propounded to solve this problem; but to most people of unprejudiced thought, and especially to the enlightened Christian, there will appear prominent and unmistakable marks of a Supreme power guiding and influencing the whole. While we would not wish for one moment to depreciate the two honored men who have conducted this wonderful revival, it must be conceded, and no one would admit it sooner than Mr. Moody himself, that more eloquent, deep thinking, close reasoning preaching was delivered from thousands of pulpits in Great Britain and Ireland before our friends arrived; and hymns, bearing the mark of heavenly inspiration, full of gospel truth and heart experience, were sung to lively, soul-stirring melodies. In the face of all this, however, we see a plain, earnest speaker, whose

discourses some technical critics would have pronounced to be no sermons at all—with a diction, the correctness of which was at times very questionable—coming to our shores with no organized committee at his back—commencing with a congregation of eight, but gradually advancing in power and influence—taking the largest cities of the empire as by storm, till the metropolis of the world is fairly shaken, and all classes of society, from royalty to pauperism, are drawn under his influence. Blind, indeed, must that man be, who fails to discern in all this the mighty power of that same Holy Spirit who rested on the apostles on that memorable day when three thousand cried, under the preaching of Peter, “Men and brethren, what shall we do?”

As, however, it has pleased the Great Head of the church to use human agency in the work of bringing about the world’s grand jubilee, it becomes an interesting and instructive task to inquire in what particular respects successful men have excelled, and what has, under God, most contributed to their success, so that, as far as lieth in them, others may go and do likewise.

The chief characteristics of Mr. Moody’s preaching will be found to be:

1. **SCRIPTURALNESS.** The Bible is his one book, and he crowds as much of it into one discourse as he possibly can; not with a view to critical disputation, but to bring home to the heart its divine truths.

2. **NATURALNESS.** No artificial rhetoric or fantastic pronunciation jars upon the senses of the audience. He

is not fettered by the ordinary routine of exordium, exposition, and application. His applications are interwoven throughout the entire discourse, and instead of reserving to the end the magnificent peroration, and winding up with an astonishing and bewildering burst of harmless fireworks, he *cannonades all along the line*.

3. EARNESTNESS. Mr. Moody means what he says, and says it as if it was worth saying. To him, in the thousands who listen, he sees a congregation of immortal souls who have to exist for ever in heaven or hell; he has the means of escape to offer them; and this thought eats into his very soul. To win a sinner to the truth is, to him, in all its awful reality, to save a soul from death.

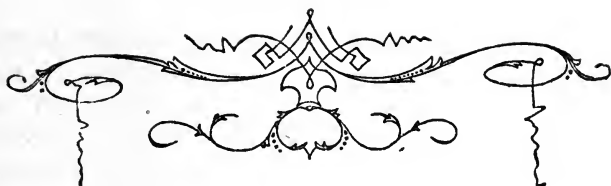
4. But the crowning characteristic of Mr. Moody's discourses is the preaching of CHRIST CRUCIFIED. This is the golden theme—the scarlet thread that runs through all the volume of inspiration. To him Old Testament worthies are only interesting as far as their lives shadow forth the Atonement. Abraham, Moses, Daniel, and others, are in his eyes only living realities in the capacity of types of the one central figure in his theology—the God-man, Jesus. He knows of no compromise with unitarianism, rationalism, or anything that would seek to explain away the vicarious redemption of Christ. To him the Atoning Blood is the only cure for the maladies of the human soul—the only salvation from sin and hell.

Mr. Moody has the happy art of bringing home to his hearers the subjects he discourses upon by the aid of



interesting and appropriate illustrations and metaphors. As many of these may serve to assist other evangelists, exhorters, Sunday-school teachers, and other workers in the good cause, as well as to tend to bring to remembrance those times of refreshing under which so many souls were stirred up to a holier life, we now proceed to give a classified selection.





ANECDOTES BY MR. D. L. MOODY.

CASES OF CONVERSION.

CONVERSION, as understood in orthodox divinity, is that change referred to by Christ in his conversation with Nicodemus: "Ye must be *born again*." It is not a change of opinion, a reformation of morals, or a religious profession, though all these are accessories. It is preceded by Repentance, and consists of: 1. Justification by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. 2. Regeneration, or a change of heart, ratified by the witness of the Holy Spirit in the soul of the believer, producing peace and joy in the Lord.

We shall give some instances of conversions as related by Mr. Moody in his discourses.

TOUCHING ACCOUNT OF A YOUNG LADY'S CONVERSION.

IN the course of my address one Friday evening at Dr. Buchanan's Church in Glasgow, on the gospel invitation to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, the thought occurred to me that I might never meet that audience

again, and I preached with all my soul, urging them to accept the invitation before it was too late. Among those who went into the inquiry-room was a young lady, who appeared very anxious about her soul. After talking and praying with her for a short time, light broke in upon her, and she found peace with God. The first thing she did when she got home was to tell her mother that she had that night accepted the invitation to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. When the father came in, the mother told him the joyful tidings, and they both rejoiced over her and wept tears of joy. The next morning, Saturday, their daughter was too ill to get up, and the following day she lay unconscious with the scarlet fever. On the Monday morning I received a letter, asking me to pray for her, and subsequently I received the following: "Mr. Moody, Dear Sir: It is now my painful duty to intimate to you that the poor girl about whom I wrote to you on Monday, has been taken away from us by death. Her departure, however, has been singularly softened to us, for she told us yesterday, she was going home to be with Jesus, and after many messages, she told us to let Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey know that she died a happy Christian." "When I read that," said Mr. Moody, "I said to Mr. Sankey, 'That pays us for crossing the Atlantic.'" The letter went on: "My dear sir, let us have your prayers, that God's strength may be continued to us, and that our two remaining little ones may be kept in health, if it is our Father's will. I repeated to her, before she died, the lines:

“ ‘In the Christian’s home of glory,
There remains a land of rest;’

and she took up and tried to sing the two remaining lines:

“ ‘Where the Saviour’s gone before me,
To fulfil my soul’s request.’

These are among the last conscious things she said. I should further say, my dear girl also expressed a wish that the lady who conversed with her on Friday evening should also know she died a happy Christian. With feelings of deep sympathy with you in your blessed work, I remain, yours very truly, William Hamilton.” Was it not a good thing, added Mr. Moody, that she accepted the invitation that night? Prepare to meet your God. While reading this letter Mr. Moody was nearly overcome with emotion, and many of his listeners were in tears.



A LADY’S CONVERSION AND DEATH.

I RECEIVED a letter the other day from England that cheered me, although it brought the sad news of death. I was preaching one night in the town of Newcastle, and I was urging with all my power sinners to seek the kingdom of God. I went down to a lady that I noticed in the church, and I asked her if she didn’t want to step into the inquiry-room. “No, sir,” she said. I said: “Wouldn’t you like to be a Christian?” “No, sir, I have no desire to be one.” I said: “I am very sorry for you.” The next night she was there again;

and the next night I did n't see anything of her. A week from the first night—just one week from that night—I was laboring with all my soul to have them press into the kingdom of God, and she was there. I went to her that night, and I said to her: “Madam, are you of the same mind you were a few nights ago?” And the tears trickled down over her cheeks, and she said: “No, Mr. Moody, I want to be saved now.” She went into the inquiry-room, and said she had come there with the fixed determination to seek the kingdom of God with all her heart; and she found it. This is the letter I have got: “My wife passed peacefully away to her rest the afternoon of the 19th inst., after three days’ illness. Her love for the Master and his cause increased toward the last. It has left a terrible blank in my home; but the knowledge that she is with Jesus, whom she loved to sing about, wonderfully softens the loss. Heaven will be dearer to me than ever before. She is there now. To me your remembrance will ever be dear, as being the means, in God’s hands, of leading her to himself.” As I read this note, I thanked God I went to England. I thanked God for the privilege I had of leading that lady into his kingdom.

CONVERSION AND FORGIVENESS.

I WAS speaking to a young lady in the inquiry-room some time ago, and she was in great distress of mind. She seemed really anxious to be saved, and I could not find out what was the trouble between God and her. I

saw there was something that was keeping her back. I quoted promise after promise, but she didn't seem to lay hold on any of them. Then we got down on our knees and prayed, but still there was no light. Finally I said: "Is there any one against whom you have bitter feelings?" "Yes; there's a young lady on the other side of the room, talking to your wife, whom I can't forgive." "Ah, I've got it now; that's why the blessing won't come to you." "Do you mean to tell me," said the young lady, looking up in my face, "that I can't be saved until I forgive her?" "No, you can't; and, if there are any others whom you hate, you must forgive them also." She paused a moment, and then she said: "I will go." It seems that my wife and the other young lady had been going over the same ground, and just at that time the other young lady had resolved to come to ask this one's forgiveness. So there they met in the middle of the room, both saying at once: "Will you forgive me?" Oh, what a meeting it was! They knelt together, and joy beamed on their souls, and their difficulties vanished. In a little while they went out of the room with their arms around each other, and their faces lit up with a heavenly glow.

A MOTHER'S LETTER.

THE other night I was talking in the inquiry-room to a noble-looking young man, who was in great agony of soul. I asked him what had made him anxious; was it the address? or any of the hymns? He looked up in

my face, and said: "It was my mother's letter." She had written him, asking him to attend that meeting, and had said she would be praying for him when he was at the meeting. The thought of his mother's prayers and agony had gone home to his heart; and that night he found the Saviour.

A SISTER'S LETTER.

I REMEMBER when I was at Nashville, toward the close of the American war, we were holding a soldiers' prayer-meeting, and at the end of the meeting a young officer came forward, and showed me a letter he had received from his sister, in which she pleaded with him about his soul, and told him that every night when the sun went down, she was on her knees before God praying for him. "Mr. Moody," he said, "I have faced death in many ways, and I have walked up to the cannon's mouth, but I can't stand the thought of my sister's prayer. It has broken my heart." We knelt down together, but he burst out into prayer. "O God, hear my sister's prayer this night, and save my soul." He found Jesus that night; and I believe it was the prayer of his sister, six hundred miles away, that did it.

A MOTHER'S LAST MESSAGE.

THE very day after the prayer-meeting at Nashville, I was away at another soldiers' prayer-meeting thirty miles off. When I was talking, I told the story of

the soldier who on the previous night had received a letter from his sister. When I had done, a young lieutenant got up and said: "What Mr. Moody has just told us, reminds me of the last letter I received from my mother, before she was taken home, in which she said: 'This may be the last letter you may ever receive from me; even ere you read this, I may be taken away from the earth. Oh, my dear son, don't delay seeking the salvation of your soul. Remember that, morning, noon, and night, I shall be praying for you. Wont you yield yourself to Christ?'" The tears trickled over the officer's cheeks as he said: "Little did my mother think that would be her last letter. A few days after this, I received the news that she was gone. But I was determined to seek the Lord, and did not rest until my mother's God was also mine; and now I am on my way to heaven to meet her there."

WHO'LL RECEIVE HIM?

IN Dublin I was speaking to a lady in the inquiry-room, when I noticed a gentleman walking up and down before the door. I went forward, and said: "Are you a Christian?" He was very angry, and turned on his heel and left me. The following Sunday night I was preaching about "receiving," and I put the question: "Who'll receive Him now?" That young man was present, and the question sank into his heart. The next day he called upon me—he was a merchant in that city—

and said: "Do you remember me?" "No, I don't." "Do you remember the young man who answered you so roughly the other night?" "Yes, I do." "Well, I've come to tell you that I am saved." "How did it happen?" "Why, I was listening to your sermon last night, and when you asked, 'Who'll receive Him now?' God put it into my heart to say: 'I will;' and he has opened my eyes to see his Son now."

THE PARENTS' PRAYER ANSWERED.

SEVERAL years ago, a young man, the son of worthy parents, living on a quiet Illinois farm, left his home to seek a fortune in Chicago. He entered that city a strict moralist, but not a Christian, and a few months later a farmer neighbor, visiting the city, saw him reeling drunk through the streets. The old neighbor returned home, but for days his courage failed him when he endeavored to tell the pitiful story to the Christian father. And when he told it he repented of his act, for the father's face grew aged as he listened. That evening the father and mother sat in their quiet parlor, and gently as he could, the husband told his grief to his wife. Oh, how sad were those parents then! They sat dumb-founded by their misery before they thought to roll the burden upon Christ. They prayed all through the night, and when the morning came the mother was blithe and cheerful. She said that God had given to her evidence that her son would be saved. But the father was still

sad. A week later that son returned home unexpectedly. He went straight to his mother, confessed his faults, and told her of the miles he had journeyed on purpose to kneel with her in prayer. The little family then gathered around their household altar, and the next time the son went to Chicago he entered the city a Christian, not a mere moralist.

A SOUTH WALES INCIDENT.

IN London, the day after Mr. Moody's services closed, a lad came and asked him to go to South Wales to preach. He could not go, but he asked the lad: "Are you a Christian?" and he found the lad's mother had given him £2 to go to London, and if he became a Christian he might go back and teach the rest. This the lad told with tears in his eyes, and standing in the rain. Mr. Moody obtained his address, and wrote asking him to come to his meeting at Liverpool; but as soon as he arrived at Compton Hotel, the first person he met was the lad, with his face lit up as he said: "I've found the Lord!" "Where?" "At the Young Men's meeting last night." And the lad was then present in the hall.

WHY DON'T YOU LOVE JESUS?

I REMEMBER a story about a teacher telling the scholars all to follow Jesus, and how they might all be missionaries, and go out to work for others. And one day one of the smallest came to her and said: "I asked

such and such a one to come with me, and they said they would like to come, but their father was an infidel." And the young child wanted to know what an infidel was, and the teacher went on to explain it to her. And one day, when she was on her way to school, this infidel was coming out of the postoffice with his letters in his hand, when the child ran up to him, and said: "Why do n't you love Jesus?" He thought at first to push her aside, but the child pressed it home again: "Why do n't you love Jesus?" If it had been a man the infidel would have resented it; but he did not know what to do with the child, and with tears in her eyes she asked him again: "Oh! please tell me, why do n't you love Jesus?" He went on to his office, but he felt as if every letter he opened read: "Why do n't you love Jesus?" He attempted to write, with the same result; every letter seemed to ask him: "Why do n't you love Jesus?" and he threw down his pen in despair, and went out of his office, but he could not get rid of the question; it was asked by a still small voice within, and as he walked along it seemed as if the very ground and the very heavens whispered to him: "Why do n't you love Jesus?" At last he went home, and there it seemed as if his own children asked him the question; so he said to his wife: "I will go to bed early to-night," thinking to sleep it away; but when he laid his head on the pillow it seemed as if the pillow whispered it to him. So he got up about midnight, and said: "I can find out where Christ contradicts himself, and I'll search it out and prove him a

liar." Well, the man got up, and turned to the Gospel of John, and read on from the beginning until he came to the words: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." What love! he thought; and at last the old infidel's heart was stirred. He could find no reason for not loving Jesus, and down he went on his knees and prayed, and before the sun rose the old infidel was in the kingdom of God.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

A FEW years ago I was attending a Sabbath-school convention in a little town, where a man to whom I was a stranger took me into his house. It was a warm day, and the curtains were down, so that the room was dark. His wife was in bed, and he excused himself because he had some matters to attend to. I was left alone. It was so dark that I could not read, and I walked up and down the room till I felt lonely. Presently he came in, and I said: "Have you no children?" I am very fond of children, and I thought if he had any I could play with them. He said no; he had had one, but God had taken her from him; she was in heaven, and he said he was glad of it. I said: "Glad that your only child is dead?" "Yes," he said. "How is that?" I asked; "was she deformed, or was anything wrong with her?" "No," he said, "she was as perfect as could be;" and he got up and brought me one of those old-

fashioned daguerreotypes—a portrait of a beautiful girl, with golden curls falling down her neck, more like an angel than a child. I asked how old she was. “Seven.” “What do you mean by saying you are glad she is in heaven?” “Well,” said he, “I worshipped that child; that child was in all my plans. I was making money for my child, and every Sunday I spent hours with her; she was the idol of my heart, but I did not know it. One day I found my child sick. I did not think it was dangerous, but in a few days she died, and I accused God of being unjust in sparing the families of others and taking away my child, and I refused to be reconciled. I would have torn God from his throne if I could. For three days and nights I neither ate, nor drank, nor slept. I was almost mad. On the third day I buried her, and when I came home, as I walked up and down the room, I thought I heard the voice of my little one; but then I thought: ‘No, that voice is hushed for ever.’ Then I thought I heard her little feet coming towards me, but then I said: ‘No, I shall never hear those little feet again.’ At last I threw myself on my bed, and began to weep. Nature gave way, and I fell asleep. I had a dream. I suppose it was a dream; but it has always seemed to me more like a vision. I thought I was crossing a waste, barren field, and I came to a river that looked so cold, and dark, and dreary, that I drew back from it; but, looking across, I saw the most beautiful land my eyes had ever rested upon; and as I gazed I thought that death, and sickness, and disease, could never

enter there. Then I saw a company on the other side, and among them my own darling child. She came to the bank of the river, and waving her angel hand, said : 'Father, come right this way ; it is so beautiful here ;' and she beckoned me to the world of light. I then went to the water's edge and thought I would plunge in, but it was too deep for me—I could not swim. I thought I would give anything to cross. I tried to find a boat, but there was no ferryman. I looked for a bridge, but there was none ; and while I was wandering up and down, the little angel voice came across the stream : 'Come right this way, father ; it is beautiful here !' All at once I heard a voice as if it came from heaven, saying : 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The voice awoke me from sleep. I thought it was my God calling me, and that if I would ever see my child again I must come to God through Jesus Christ. That night I knelt beside my bed and gave myself to God. Now I no longer look upon my child as sleeping in her grave, but I see her with the eye of faith in that beautiful land, and every night when I lie down I hear her sweet voice saying : 'Come right this way, father,' and every morning I hear her repeating the same words. Now my wife is converted, I am superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and eight children have been converted, and I am trying to get as many converted as I can to go with me to that beautiful land."

THE SKEPTIC SUBDUED.

ON the night when the text was : "Son, remember," a young, but violent and very determined skeptic, of about the age of twenty, came into the men's meeting, and gathered around him a small crowd, who were all opposing him. Of course, this was apparently very unfair and unequal, but then it was prompted by the extreme language the young man employed, and by his erratic statements such as : God would not be so wicked as to send him to hell ; he served God as faithfully as any one ; he was sure there was no hell ; he needed no salvation ; was no sinner ; Satan did not exist ; he knew as much about ethics, etc., as any one ; the usual line of statement and expression in vogue with skeptics. The phrenologist he did believe in ; he had examined his head and told him he was of a skeptical tendency, and would always be so ; therefore God was to blame for the views he held, as they resulted from physical formation, etc. A week passed, and one night in the young men's meeting, our skeptical young friend appeared ; and with a view to prevent him infusing any of the poison of Satan into young quickened souls, I drew near ; not however, intending to speak unless required. But who can describe the marvels of Divine grace ? I found it had subdued the lion, altered his nature, and had made him into a lamb. He told me God's Spirit had been dealing with him. He had come to make caricatures of scenes he had witnessed, and, of course, I thought it possible his present profession might be a disguised attempt to create

a scene for a picture ; but investigation convinced me to the contrary. I found his soul had been arrested, and in his distress he sought relief in the inquiry-room. A clergyman became instrumental in removing many difficulties, and the soul could hold out no longer. He went home and threw himself down before God, and then, like Jacob, wrestled in prayer till he found deliverance by believing in Jesus. On Friday night, at the young men's meeting, this young man stated the circumstances of his conversion, and was listened to with breathless interest. He closed with words to this effect : " Now, like Thomas, I say to Jesus, My Lord and my God."

PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

AT one of the prayer-meetings at the Brooklyn Tabernacle (Dr. Talmage's Church) Mr. Moody closed by narrating an instance of persevering prayer by a Christian wife for an infidel husband. She resolved to pray for him at noon for eighteen months, and at the expiration of that time, her knockings not having been responded to, she exclaimed : " Lord, I will pray for him every day, and at all hours, so long as life lasts." That day the Lord heard her knock, and gave her the desire of her heart in the conversion of her husband.

MR. MOODY'S LAST CHICAGO CONVERTS.

ALMOST the last family that was converted before we left Chicago was thus. We were out riding, and just making a few calls on New Year's day and I said :

"Let us go in and see our friends," mentioning a publican that had kept a bar for a long time. I went in and sat with him, and at last I said: "Sha'n't we have prayer?" and he said he should have no objection. Then we asked him up to the meeting that night, and he came and God met him. Twelve long years I was after that man before he was converted. Then his wife came and found peace; then his son, then his daughter and ultimately the whole family.

A CONVERTED FAMILY.

A YOUNG lady, who had been converted, was sorely troubled what to do with her affianced husband, who was a wild young fellow, and quite a hopeless case in the way of religious impressions. One evening, while he was paying her a visit, he noticed that she seemed to have something on her mind; and, on inquiring what it was, she told him she had become a Christian, and was in great doubt whether she could be happy with a man who had no interest in religion. In a manner half-laughing and half-crying, the young man relieved her anxiety as follows: "Don't be troubled, Mary; I have been to the meetings too. I went down there the other night, just to see what the fun was; and, before I had been there long, Mr. Sankey sang something that went straight to my heart. So now I am a Christian too; and we will go to heaven together." The joyful news was told the mother of the young lady, who came in just then, but, instead

of giving her approbation, she laughed at the young people for spending their time in talking of religion ; saying, as they were about to be married soon, they had better be giving attention to housekeeping matters and other practical things. But at length the mother was herself brought under deep conviction, which she was unable to shake off ; and the good work progressing in the household, brought several of her children and other relatives into the fold of Christ.

SUDDEN CONVERSION.

WHEN I was in Manchester, I went into the gallery one Sunday night to have a talk with a few inquirers, and while I was talking a business man came in, and took his seat on the outskirts of the audience. I think at first he had come merely to criticise, and that he was a little skeptical. At last I saw he was in tears. I turned to him and said : " My friend, what is your difficulty ? " " Well," he said, " Mr. Moody, the fact is, I cannot tell." I said : " Do you believe you are a sinner ? " He said : " Yes, I know that." I said : " Christ is able to save you ;" and I used one illustration after another, but he did not see it. At last I used the ark, and I said : " Was it Noah's feelings that saved him ? Was it Noah's righteousness that saved him, or was it the ark ? " " Mr. Moody," said he, " I see it." He got up and shook hands with me, and said : " Good-night, I have to go. I have to go away in the train to-night, but I was deter-

mined to be saved before I went. I see it now." I confess it seemed almost too sudden for me, and I was almost afraid it could not live. A few days after, he came and touched me on the shoulder, and said: "Do you know me?" I said: "I know your face, but do not remember where I have seen you." He said: "Do not you remember the illustration of the ark?" I said: "Yes." He said: "It has been all light ever since. I understand it now. Christ is the ark; he saves me, and I must get inside him." When I went down to Manchester again, and talked to the young friends there, I found he was the brightest light among them.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

AFTER one of our terrible battles—I was in the army, attending soldiers—and I had just laid down one night, past midnight, to get a little rest, when a man came and told me that a wounded soldier wanted to see me. I went to the dying man. He said: "I wish you to help me to die." I said: "I would help you to die if I could. I would take you on my shoulders and carry you into the kingdom of God if I could; but I cannot. I can tell you of One that can." And I told him of Christ being willing to save him; and how Christ left heaven and came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I just quoted promise after promise, but all was dark, and it almost seemed as if the shades of eternal death were gathering around his soul. I could not leave

him, and at last I thought of the third chapter of John, and I said to him: "Look here, I am going to read to you now a conversation that Christ had with a man that went to him when he was in your state of mind, and inquired what he was to do to be saved." I just read that conversation to the dying man, and he lay there with his eyes riveted upon me, and every word seemed to be going home to his heart, which was open to receive the truth. When I came to the verse where it says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life," the dying man cried: "Stop, sir. Is that there?" "Yes, it is all here." Then he said: "Wont you please read it to me again?" I read it the second time. The dying man brought his hands together, and he said: "Bless God for that. Wont you please read it to me again?" I read through the whole chapter, but long before the end of it he had closed his eyes. He seemed to lose all interest in the rest of the chapter, and when I got through it his arms were folded on his breast, he had a sweet smile on his face; remorse and despair had fled away. His lips were quivering, and I leant over him, and heard him faintly whisper from his dying lips: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes, and fixed his calm, deathly look on me, and said: "Oh that is enough: that is all I want;"

and he pillowed his dying head upon the truth of those two verses, and, in a few hours, rode away on one of the Saviour's chariots, and took his seat in the kingdom of God.

A DOG-FIGHTER'S STORY.

A STRIKING incident occurred at the noon meeting on Whit-Monday. Among other cases illustrative of the good done, a gentleman present said he would like to tell the meeting of a remarkable conversion which had taken place through one of these meetings the other day—the conversion of a noted dog-fighter, who, he believed, was then present. “Then,” cried Mr. Moody, “I should like if he would come forward and give the story himself.” The man hesitated for a little, but in the end was conducted to Mr. Moody's dais, and proceeded to tell his tale.

He said he had been carrying on the business of a dog-fighter in the East end of London, and had a very valuable dog, called Tiger, which had cost a deal of money, and which had also won a good deal of money in dog-fights. Well, he had a fight on for the dog for Whit-Monday, for £10; but a few days before that a little child of his died, and it had affected him very much. He did not know what to do to get rid of his feelings, and so he was going to a public-house to have a pipe and something to drink, to help him to forget his sorrow; but as he was going he thought: “Well, there's this Moody and Sankey, suppose I go and hear them?” He

went and heard Mr. Moody speak, and came out thinking it was all very good, but it did not concern him. His business was very dull, and he had no sport to go to, so he went again. This time Mr. Aitken was the preacher, and the man said that it appeared as if the preacher left off speaking to the audience and directed his remarks straight at him. He sat down that he should not see him, but he only hit him harder than before. The service being over, he felt uncomfortable, and went and made inquiries about the matter, and then found that all men were born in sin. After a deal of conversation, and by the grace of God, he was enabled to trust simply in Jesus, and since that time he had been quite happy. There was his dog; what was he to do with that? Every time he saw Tiger he saw there was a terrible link between his past life and his present, and he was afraid if he sold the dog he would only lead some one else into sin. So he at last decided to destroy the dog, although it cost a good sum of money, and was a very valuable animal. This he did—he tied the dog in a sack and drowned him in the river.

The relation of this story by the man himself produced a great effect upon the audience.

A JEW'S CONVERSION.

I WAS going out of a meeting in Chicago, when a man, greatly excited, came up to me, and asked if the meeting was over. I said it was. I saw he was a Jew.

I went back into the church with him, and took a Bible, and was turning over some passages in the Testament when he said: "Sir, I am a Jew. Don't read me the New Testament; I don't believe it." I asked him what had roused him, and he said, "I was going by a church, and I heard singing, and stopped to listen; and after the singing the minister took his text, 'It is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment.'" He believed in death, but did not believe in the judgment; so he went out, but the text kept coming back. Said he, "I could not get it out of my mind; it troubled me; I could not sleep, and I came to ask you what I want." I said, "You want Jesus." "No," said he, "I don't want to hear about Jesus; he was an impostor; don't talk about him." I turned to the third chapter of John, fourteenth verse, "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." The Jew said, "Is that in the New Testament?" "Yes," said I. "Why, that is in the Old Testament! Are you sure you are reading that out of the New Testament?" I showed him the book. "And now," I said, "let us get down on our knees and pray." He got down, and prayed to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; but all at once he sprang to his feet, and cried, "I see it! I see it!" I thought he had gone mad. "What do you see?" I asked. "Well," said he, "I thought I saw Moses lifting up the serpent, and all at once the serpent vanished, and in the place of the serpent was the cross, and on it Jesus of Nazareth; he

was the true Messiah ;" and away he went to tell the story.

THE POWER OF SACRED SONG.

AMONG the conversions under my preaching at Northfield, was that of a prominent business man, over fifty years of age, thoroughly worldly in his habits and life, and addicted to profanity. He attended the services, at first, from curiosity, but afterwards from heart-conviction. The plain, fervent words of the lay-preacher took deep hold. He went to the Sunday-school the following Sabbath, and during the singing of a hymn familiar in his childhood, he broke down and wept like a child. His testimony now, among his old associates, "is as far for God as it was for the devil before."

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

WALKING along the streets of York, England, I saw a soldier, and I said, "I want to ask you a question." I had had a fight about sudden conversion in that old cathedral town, so I said to him, "I would like you to tell me when you became a soldier." "Well," he said, "the moment the recruiting officer put the English shilling into my hand, I became a soldier." Look at it ; one moment he was a civilian, free to do what he chose ; the next a soldier, bound, and he had to go where Queen Victoria sent him. So you ask how a man can become suddenly converted. Just take the gift of God as the soldier did the English shilling.

THE REPORTER'S CONVERSION.

ONE of the most conspicuous persons at the Brooklyn Rink was a man of over fifty years, a reporter, apparently of a sensational sort. One of my friends entered into conversation with him the second evening, and found him partially intoxicated, ribald, sneering, and an infidel. Inquiring further concerning him, we found that he had been several times in the city-jail for drunken brawls, although originally a man of culture and polish. Time passed, and on our last day at Brooklyn the same man, conspicuous by his commanding figure, sat in a back seat in the Simpson Church. My friend accosted him once more, and this was the answer: "I am waiting to thank Mr. Moody, who, under God, has been the greatest blessing of my life to me. I have given up my engagement, the temptations of which are such as no Christian can face. And I am a Christian—a new creature; not reformed; you cannot reform a drunkard; I tried that a hundred times; but I am regenerated, born again by the grace and power of God. I have reported sermons many a time, simply to ridicule them, but never had the least idea what true religion meant till I heard Mr. Moody's address on 'Love and Sympathy,' ten days ago, and I would not have believed there could be so much sweetness in a lifetime as has been condensed into those ten days. My children know the change; my wife knows it; I have set up the family altar, and the appetite for liquor has been so utterly taken away, that I only loathe what I used to love." "Let him that stand-

eth take heed lest he fall," suggested my friend. "No, not while I stand so close to the cross as I do to-day;" and he opened a small hymn-book, on the fly-leaf of which was written: "I have set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed."

CONVERTED IN A CELL.

I WAS invited one day, some years ago, to visit and preach in the Tombs prison, New York. I had supposed that I should address the prisoners face to face, as I used to talk to the prisoners in the chapels of most of our jails. But when I got there, I found I had to stand on a little iron railing running from one tier of cells to another. There was a tier above and one below, and one on the same level with me. There I talked to a great, long, narrow passageway—to gates, to bars, and to brick walls. It was pretty hard preaching. I had never attempted to preach in that way before. I did not know, when I got through with it, how they had received me; and so I thought I would go and see them. I went to the first cell-door and looked in. I found the men playing euchre. I suppose they had been playing all the time that I was preaching, and took no interest in the sermon. I looked into the window, and I said, "How is it with you here?" "O chaplain, we do not want you to have a bad idea of us." I said to myself, "There is no one here to be saved, for there is no one lost." And I got away as quick as I could. I went to another cell.

There were three or four men in there ; and I said, "How is it with you here?" "Well, stranger, we will tell you. We got into bad company, and the men that done the deed got clear and we got caught." I thought to myself, "There is no one here for Christ to save, for there is no one lost." And I went along to the next cell ; and I said, "Well, my friends, how is it with you?" One of them said, "A false witness went to court and swore a lie upon me." *He* was perfectly innocent, and ought not to be there. I went on to the next cell, looked in, and said, "Well, my friends, how is it with you?" *They* were innocent, thank God ! But the man that did the deed looked very much like them. The people thought they were the men, and they got caught. *They* were perfectly innocent. *They* were not the men. I went along to the next cell. But no sooner did I ask the same question than they said they had not had their trial. They were going to have it that week, and they would be out on next Sunday. And so I went on. I never found so many innocent men. They were all innocent. I found a great many innocent men under lock and key, and they were all trying to justify themselves. There was no one guilty but the constables, the justices, or magistrates. *They* were the guilty ones. I got discouraged. I thought I would give it up ; but I kept on, and I found one man in a cell alone. He had his elbows on his knees, and had his head buried in his hands. As I looked in, I could see the streams of tears running down upon his cheeks. They were the first tears I had seen. It did me good to

look at them. I said, "My friend, how is it with you here?" He looked up. It was a look of remorse and despair. He said, "O sir, my sins are more than I can bear." "Thank God for that!" said I. "Thank God for that! A'n't you the man that's been preaching to us?" "Yes, sir." "And yet I thought you said you was a friend to the prisoner; and you are glad that my sins are more than I can bear?" "Yes." "Yes? Then you are a queer kind of friend. How is it that you are glad that my sins are more than I can bear?" "I am glad that they are more than you can bear. For if they are more than you can bear, you can cast them on the Lord Jesus." "He will not bear my sins. Why, I am the worst man living to-day." And he began enumerating his sins, and what a load it was for him to bear. It was refreshing to stand there and hear him tell me. It was the Lord Jesus that had got into that cell and into that man's heart, and I told him so; then I told him to pray to God to forgive him and to take away his sin. He thought God would never forgive such a sinner as he was. I told him, "You can get all those sins, multiplied by ten thousand, forgiven; because you have committed probably ten thousand more sins than you have thought of. You can sum them all up, and write underneath, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin.'" And I stood there and preached the Gospel to that thirsty soul. He seemed to drink it in. I said, "Let us get down here and pray." And we did, he inside and I outside. And after I got through prayer I said,

"My friend, now you pray." "I pray! It would be blasphemy for me to pray—for a wretch like me to call upon God." I said to him, "Call upon God. Ask for mercy. That's what you want. Ask him to have mercy upon you." The poor wretch could not lift his eyes towards heaven. He knelt down on the pavement, and all he could say was, "God be merciful to me, a vile wretch." After his prayer I put my hand through the window in the door. He got hold of it and shook it, and a hot tear fell on my hand. That tear seemed to burn into my very soul. I said, "I am going to the hotel between nine and twelve o'clock. I want you to join in prayer, and make up your mind that you will not sleep to-night till you know." That night I got much interested in prayer for the man. My heart was so overborne that I could not go back to Chicago without going down to the prison to see him. I went down, and I got the governor of the Tombs to let me in, and I went to his cell; and when I got there and saw him, the remorse and despair had all disappeared. It was all gone. His face was lit up with a heavenly glow. He seized my hand, and tears of joy began to flow. He pressed my hand and shook it, and said, "I believe I am the happiest man in the whole city of New York. I thought when they brought me to this prison I should never go out again. I thought I never could walk down Broadway again. I thought I never could see my godly mother again. Now I thank God that they brought me; for if they had not I would never have known Christ." He said when he

prayed the Lord Jesus heard his prayer. I asked him what time of the night he thought it was ; and he said he thought it was about midnight that the Lord Jesus came into that cell and saved his soul. My dear friend, can you tell me why it was that God came into that prison, and passed by cell after cell, and set that one captive free? It was because he took his place as a poor, lost sinner, and asked for mercy. The moment sinners do that and cry for mercy they will get it.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER.

SOME years ago, as I was about to close a prayer-meeting, a young man got up and urged all those men present that had not yet accepted of Christ, to do so that night. And in closing up his little speech, he said : " I once had a father and mother that cared more for my soul than for anything else. At last my father died ; and when my father was dead and gone, my mother was more anxious than ever for me, and sometimes she would come and put her loving arms around my neck, and she would just plead with me to go to Christ. She used to tell me, after my father was dead, that she was lonesome without having me a Christian. I told her I sympathized with her ; but declared I wanted to see a little of the world. I did not want to become a Christian in early life. Sometimes I would wake up past midnight, and would hear a voice in my mother's chamber. I would hear that godly mother crying to God

for salvation on her boy. I was her only child. I was very dear to her. At last I felt I must either become a Christian or go away from that mother's influence; and I ran away. After I had been gone a long time, I heard from home indirectly. I heard my mother was sick. I knew what it meant. I knew that she was pining for me. I knew her heart was broken on account of me and my wayward life. I thought I would go home and ask my mother to forgive me. My second thought was: If I did, I would have to go and be a Christian. I could not stay under the same roof without becoming a Christian. My rebellious heart said: 'I will not go.' When I heard again, I heard my mother was much worse. The thought came: Supposing my mother should die. Supposing I should never see that mother again. I never could forgive myself. I started for home. There was no train to my native village. I took the coach. I got in just after dark. The moon was shining. I had to go about a mile and a half to my mother's house; and on my way I thought I would go by the village graveyard, and I thought I would get over the fence and go to the grave where my father was buried, to see if there was a new-made grave. It might be that mother was gone. When I drew near that grave, my heart began to beat more quickly, as by the light of the moon I saw the new-made grave. The whole story was told. The whole story was clear. My sainted mother was gone. It was a fresh-made grave. It had just been dug. For the first time in my life this question came stealing over me:

Who was going to pray for my lost soul now? Father and mother both gone now. And, young men, I would have given the world if I could have called that mother back and have her put her arms around my neck and heard her breathe my name in prayer. But her voice was silent for ever. She was gone. I knelt beside that grave, crying that God might have mercy on me, and that God would forgive me. And I did not leave that grave all night until the morning dawn. But before morning I believed that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven my sins, and that my mother's God had become my God. But, young men, I would never forgive myself. I never can. I killed that mother. I trampled her prayers and her entreaties under my feet. I broke her heart and sent her to her grave. Young man, if you have a godly mother, treat her kindly."

THE CONVERTED DRUNKARD.

A YOUNG man got up in our meeting a few years ago, and said that before his conversion, he had been a drunkard, and that while he was under the influence of drink, his young wife would take her little child and go off into the cold room from fear that he would beat and strike her. He took the warm, comfortable room, and turned her out into the cold room. "But," he said, "she don't leave the room now. She is glad to see me now." There is joy in their home. The leprosy of drunkenness is gone.

THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

I REMEMBER some time ago a little boy that became a Christian. His father was a drunken infidel. His father was opposed to the boy's praying in the house. Some one had brought the boy to the Sabbath-school, and he had found Christ. He had got a new heart. His father had found him praying on his knees. The father got very angry. He took him off his knees and wanted to know what he was doing. He said he was praying that God would make him a new boy. The father said: "I don't want to hear any more of that. I suppose some of those Christians have been trying to teach you these things." The old man did everything he could to keep the child at home and to keep him from praying. But one night the father caught him again praying on his knees. The father was very angry, and told him if he caught him praying again he would make him leave the house. The father was very much in earnest. He said, also, if he ever caught him opening his lips in prayer he was to leave his house. That seemed a strange thing to me. I did not believe there was any one so wicked that they did not want to hear prayer in their homes. It was not long before the lad was found praying again. The father heard the boy, and it seemed the very fires of hell were burning in his bosom. He went into that room, and he took hold of his boy with a curse, and gave him a push, and used language too bad to utter, and told him to leave the house, with all his things. He did not have

many things to take away. Drunkards' children don't have many things. He took his little bundle and started. He went down to the kitchen, where his mother was. He walked up to her and said: "Good-by, mother." The mother said: "My boy, where are you going?" He replied: "I don't know." "What do you mean by bidding me good-by?" "Father says I cannot stay at home any longer, because I have been praying." The mother knew it would do no good to remonstrate. She took the little boy to her bosom, she hugged him and kissed him; she did not know when she would see him again. He went to his little brother, and kissed him, and bid him good-by; then he went to his little sister and kissed her; then he left the house. He bid his father good-by, and told him that as long as he lived he would pray for him. The boy had not gone a great way before the father's heart was touched. The Holy Spirit had touched the father's heart. He ran down the street after the boy. He said: "My dear son, if religion will do this for you—if it will drive you from father, and mother, and from home—I want it." And the little boy had the privilege of kneeling with the father and praying to God to convert him. And that little boy led his father to Christ.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

'A YOUNG man went home from one of our meetings some time ago. He had been converted. He had previously been a dissipated young man. His mother

had made it a rule, she told me, that she "would not retire till he came home." That was her rule, she said, "never to go to bed till my boy was at home. If he did not come till five o'clock in the morning, I sat up, and when he was out all night I got no sleep; but when he came home I always met him with a kiss. I threw my arms around his neck. I treated him just as if he was kind, attentive, and good. Sometimes he would be out all night. Those nights I would not go to bed. He used to know it. One night he came home. I looked to see if he was under the influence of liquor. He came up to me, and he said, 'Mother, I have been converted,' and then I fell on his neck and embraced him, and wept over him tears of joy. Why," said she, "Mr. Moody, you do n't know what joy it gave me. I cannot tell you. You do n't know what a load it took off my heart. You do n't know how I praised God that my prayers had been answered."

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

RIGHT down here last Sunday afternoon sat a mother and her daughter. At the close of the meeting her daughter said, "Mother, I want to go into that inquiry-room. Will you go in with me?" The mother was not a Christian. She said, "No, no. I will not go. You go." The daughter said, "No, not without you." The mother began to think, "Shall I stand in the way of my child?" She arose and went into the inquiry-room with her daughter. The next day she came to me. I was talk-

ing with her. She told me how she was brought under conviction. She said the sermon made no impression. She had no feeling about the matter until the daughter said, "Mother, will you go into that inquiry-room?" I asked her where her daughter was, and she pointed her out. A friend was talking with the daughter. At last the mother received Christ, and I went over to the daughter and talked with her. I found she had received Christ. She went up and told her mother. What a meeting it was! They embraced each other; they wept together; they kissed each other. Thank God! to-night they are both in the fold.

THE "MOODY AND SANKEY HUMBUG."

THERE was a man, while we were in London, who got out a little paper called "The Moody and Sankey Humbug." He used to have it to sell to the people coming into the meeting. After he had sold a great many thousand copies of that number, he wanted to get out another number; so he came into the meeting to get something to put into the paper; but the power of the Lord was present. It says here in this chapter (Luke 5) that the Pharisees, scribes, and doctors, were watching the words of Christ in that house in Capernaum, and that the power of the Lord was present to heal. It don't say they were healed. They did not come to be healed. If they had, they would have been healed. But sometimes there is a prayer of faith going up to God from



some one that brings down blessings. And so this man came into that meeting. The power of the Lord was present, and the arrow of conviction went down deep into his heart. He went out, not to write a paper, but to destroy his paper that he had written, and so tell what the Holy Ghost had done for him. I hope there will be some men reached here to-night in the same way.



II. THE BIBLE

MR. MOODY'S BIBLE.

A WELL-MARKED Bible testifies of individual history, and growth in grace and knowledge. Mr. Moody's Bible is a most interesting book. It was given him by a friend, and bears on the fly-leaf the words: "D. L. Moody, Dublin, December, 1872. 'God is Love.' W. Fay." The Bible is an 8vo volume, with flexible black morocco covers and turned edges. Though given Mr. Moody in the last month of 1872, it appears as if it might have seen ten years' service. Some of the leaves are worn through with handling; but nearly every page gives another and more positive proof of the study Mr. Moody has given the book. In the Old Testament many portions are annotated on nearly every page. Especially is this true of those parts treating of the history of the Israelites, the chosen people of God. But in the New Testament, open the book wherever one may, the pages are marked and annotated in black, red, and blue ink to a wonderful extent. Sometimes certain words are under-scored; again, a whole verse is closed in black lines, with mysterious numbers or a single letter of the alphabet marked opposite. All around the margins and at the chapter-heads are comments on certain passages—an idea embodied in two or three words, and the more im-

portant word underscored. Turning to the texts of the various sermons Mr. Moody has preached, one finds the burden of his themes often embodied in one of those marginal notes. There is scarcely a page in the New Testament where a dozen such annotations could not be counted ; while in some instances every space in the margin is filled, and hardly a sentence has escaped the evangelist's pen.

MR. MOODY ON THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

ALL the men who have been very much used of God have been well versed in the Scriptures. Moses rehearsed God's dealings with the children of Israel; Peter told it out on the day of Pentecost, and Stephen did the same. Christ conquered Satan by the sword of the Word.

"How am I to know the Word of God?" By *studying* it with the help of the Holy Ghost. As an American bishop said, not with the *blue* light of Presbyterianism, nor the *red* light of Methodism, nor the *violet* light of Episcopacy, but with the clear light of Calvary. We must study it on our knees, in a teachable spirit. If we know our Bible, Satan will not have much power over us, and we will have the world under our feet.

I think I have got the key to the study of the Bible : take it up *topically*. Take "Love," for instance, and spend a month studying what the Bible says about love, from Genesis to Revelation. Then you will love everybody, whether they love you or not. In the same way

take up "Grace," "Faith," "Assurance," "Heaven," and so on. When you read the Bible, be sure you *hunt for something*.

Spend six months studying Genesis; it is the key to the whole book; it speaks of death, resurrection, judgment—it is the seed-plant of the whole Bible. Read the same chapter over and over and over again, and don't leave it till you have understood it. About the twenty-eighth time you have read a chapter you will see the Man Christ Jesus, who is on every page of Scripture.

Here is another way: take up *one word* in a book, such as the word "believes," of St. John's gospel. Every chapter but two speaks of believing. Look up the nineteen "personal interviews" with Christ recorded in that gospel. Take the "conversions" of the Bible. Take the seven "blesseds" and the seven "overcomes" of Revelation. If you want to get the best book on "assurance," read 1 John 3 and the six things there worth "knowing." Take up the five "precious things" of Peter, or the "verily" of John.

BIBLES NEGLECTED.

A GREAT many fail in their work for God because they neglect their Bibles. You must get something into a man before you can get anything out of him. You may put the pump into the well, and pump as long as you like; but if there is no water, it is no use pumping. Search the Scriptures, and when you get something good pass it around.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON JOB.

AN Englishman said to me: "Moody, did you ever study the life of Job?" I said, "No, I never did." He said, "If you get a key to Job, you get a key to the whole Bible." "What has Job to do with the Bible?" He said, "I will tell you. I will divide the subject into five heads. First, Job, before he was tried, was a perfect man untried. He was like Adam in Eden until Satan came in. Second, he was tried by adversity. Third, the wisdom of the world is represented by Job's friends trying to restore him. See what language they used. They were wonderful wise men, but they could not help Job out of his difficulties. Men are miserable comforters when they do not understand the grace of God. Job could stand his scolding wife and his boils better than these men's arguments; they made him worse instead of better. Fourth, God speaks, and Job humbles himself in the dust. God, before he saves a man, brings him down into the dust. Job does not talk about how he has fed the hungry and clothed the naked; but he says, 'I am vile.' Fifth, God restores him, and the last end of Job was better than the first. So the last state of man is better than the first. It is better than the state of Adam, because Adam might have lived ten thousand years and then fallen; therefore it is better for us to be outside of Eden with Christ, than that we should be in Eden without him. God gave Job double as much wealth as he had before, but he only gave him ten children. He

had ten before his calamity came upon him. That is worthy of notice. God would not admit that Job had lost any children. He gave him ten here and ten in heaven."

THE RIGHT TRANSLATION.

THERE was a wild and prodigal young man who came into one of our meetings, who was running a headlong career to ruin. But the Spirit of God got hold of him. While I was conversing with him, and endeavoring to bring him to Christ, I quoted John 6 : 37 to him. I held it right up to him, and led his mind right up to it, for some time ; and at last light seemed to break in upon him, and he seemed to find comfort from it, and I told him to stick to that verse. Well, after he had left, on his way home the devil met him. Why, I do n't believe that any man ever starts to go to Christ but the devil strives somehow or other to meet him and trip him up. And even after he has come to Christ, the devil comes and tries to assail him with doubts, and make him believe there is something wrong in it. And so this young man was met by Satan, and Satan whispered to him, "How do you know that's a right translation?" So that brought him for awhile to a standstill, and threw him into darkness again. But he remembered my telling him to stick to that text, and there he was, after Satan had put that into his mind, holding on to it, but he did not find peace till two o'clock. He then said to himself, "I will stick to it

anyhow, and if it is not the right translation, when I get to the bar of God I will tell him I did not know it was wrong, because I did n't understand anything about Greek and Latin." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

THE SKEPTICS SILENCED.

A COUPLE of commercial travellers went to hear a minister preach. He explained that men do n't find out God ; that it is God who has to reveal his nature to man ; that it is all a matter of revelation ; that God reveals Christ to man. When they went back to the hotel they began to talk the matter over, and both maintained that they could not believe anything except they could reason it out. An old man there heard the conversation, and remarked, "I heard you say you could not believe anything except you could reason it out. Now, when I was coming down on the train, I noticed in the fields some geese and sheep and swine and cattle eating grass. Can you tell me by what process that grass is turned into hair and bristles and feathers and wool?" They could not. "Well, do you believe it is a fact?" "Oh yes, we can't help but believe that." "Well, then, I can't help but believe in the revelation of Jesus Christ. I have seen men who have been reclaimed and reformed through it, and who are now living happy, when before they were outcasts from society." The two commercial men were silenced by that old man's outspoken faith.

WHAT ENGLAND OWES TO THE BIBLE.

WHY, these infidels that want to take away the Bible from us, what are they going to give us in its place? What has made England but the Word of God? I heard a most eloquent man in America, a few years ago say, "You look back in history a few years ago, and you see England and France moving along abreast in the march of nations. France closed the Bible and would not give it to its people. England opened the Bible, and what is the result? Why, the English language is spoken round the world, and the sun never sets upon the Queen's dominions." And look and see how the English language has gone round the world. See what the Bible has done for England, and look and see what has become of France. Poor France closed its Bible, and it has gone down, and every nation that puts down the Bible has to go down, and every nation that exalts the Bible and lifts it up, God lifts it up and blesses them. Oh, my friends, let us cling close to the Bible.



III.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURAL THEOLOGY.

I. HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." ROM. 3:23.

NOAH AND THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

NOW the Antediluvians would not believe Noah. "What! Do you mean to tell us that there is a deluge coming, and that we shall all perish alike? Statesmen, great and mighty men and rulers, rich and poor, all perish alike?" "Yes, every one of you that is not in the ark when the flood comes will perish." Did they believe? No, on the contrary. The Son of God tells us that when the flood came it swept *them all* away. And so it was even in his days. On one side of the cross of Christ was the thief, penitent and believing, and on the other the unbelieving thief. You see many different classes of people may come together; there will be the educated and the ignorant; the churchman and the nonconformist minister; Sabbath-school teachers and Sabbath-school scholars. But arrange them as you will, God sees them all; God draws the line between them. And God has drawn the line between two classes here to-night, believers and unbelievers, those who have been saved from under the curse of the law, and those who remain guilty. The verdict is given against you—Guilty.

And why? Because all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

RESPECTABLE SINNERS.

THERE is a woman in our country who was hoping to be saved, because she thought she was a respectable sinner. Some sinners don't think they are like other sinners. When people talk to me in this strain, I know they are *great* sinners. She heard a sermon, which showed her clearly that Christ died for the ungodly; and she said, "I must be ungodly; he died for the ungodly:" she awoke to the fact that she was unlike God, and the light of eternity flashed into her soul. My friends, take your place among the ungodly. I am tired of people making out that they are not bad sinners—whereas they are bad from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. They are bad, and God says it: and let God be true and every man a liar.

SHORT OF THE STANDARD.

IN Chicago, when our constitution was young, a bill was passed that no man should be a policeman that was not a certain height—five feet six. The commissioners advertised for men to come round and be examined, and they must bring good letters of recommendation with them. Now as they are passing from one man to another, examining their letters, and trying their height, suppose there are two of us want to get in, and I say to

my friend, "There is no man has a better chance than I have; I have got letters from the supreme judge, from the mayor and leading citizens of Chicago; no man can have better letters." He says, "Ah, my friend, my letters are as good as yours." Well, the chief commissioner says, "Look here, Moody, these letters are all right, but you must be up to the standard;" so he measures me, and I am only five feet, and he says, "You are half a foot too short." My friend looks down on me and says, "I have got a better chance than you." Well, he stands up and is measured, and is only one-tenth of an inch short, but he goes with me. He has come short. I admit some men have come shorter than others, but that is the verdict God has brought in—all are guilty.

THE LAW IS GOD'S LOOKING-GLASS.

DROPPED down into this world that man might look in it, and find how vile he is before a holy and perfect God. My little boy asked me one day to take him for a drive in the Park. I asked him if he could drive, and he said, oh yes, he could drive; so at last, after some time, his mother had got him ready; but, before I was ready to start, he contrived to fall in the mud, and get himself all covered with dirt. Well, when I got up the little fellow came alongside, and wanted me to lift him up into the chaise. "Oh no," I said; "why, you are covered with dirt." "Oh no, papa! mamma's washed me." "No, you are covered with dirt." But I

could n't make it clear to him, and the tears ran down the little fellow's face, and he told me again : " No, papa, mamma's washed me." So I just hitched up the horse, and took him and showed him his face in the looking-glass, and he did n't say then that he was not dirty. But, I did n't take him to the looking-glass to wash his face ; I took him there that he might see it. And so God's law shows us our real state. But, my friends, you must stop trying to save yourself by the law. The law condemns every soul. Just as grace will save every soul that will come and partake of it.

A DUBLIN DOOR AND THE SINNER'S HEART.

WHEN we were in Dublin, I went out one morning to an early meeting, and I found the servants had not opened the front door. So I pulled back a bolt, but I could not get the door open. Then I turned a key, but the door would not open. Then I found there was another bolt at the top, then I found there was another bolt at the bottom. Still the door would not open. Then I found there was a bar, and then I found a night-lock. I found there were five or six different fastenings. I am afraid that door represents every sinner's heart. The door of his heart is double-locked, double-bolted, and double-barred. Oh, my friends, pull back the bolts and let the King of Glory in.

THE ARTIST AND THE BEGGAR.

SOME time ago an artist wanted to find a man that would represent the prodigal. One day, walking up the streets, he met a poor beggar, and the thought occurred to him: "That man would represent the prodigal." He told him what he wanted, and found the beggar was ready to come to his place of business and sit for his painting, if he would pay him for his time. The man appeared on the day appointed, but the artist did not recognize him. He said: "You made an appointment with me." "No," says the artist; "I never saw you before." "You are mistaken; you did see me, and made an appointment with me." "No; it must be some other artist. I have an appointment to meet a beggar here at this hour." "Well," says the beggar, "I am the man." "You the man!" "Yes." "What have you been doing?" "Well, I thought I would get a new suit of clothes before I got painted." "Well," said the artist, "I do n't want you;" he would not have him then. And so, if you are coming to God, come just as you are.

PASSING PARDON TO THE NEXT MAN.

I WAS in Ohio a few years ago, and was invited to preach in the stateprison. Eleven hundred convicts were brought into the chapel, and all sat in front of me. After I had got through the preaching, the chaplain said to me: "Moody, I want to tell you of a scene which

occurred in this room. A few years ago, our commissioners went to the governor of the state, and got him to promise that he would pardon five men for good behavior. The governor consented, with this understanding, that the record was to be kept in secret, and that at the end of six months the five men highest on the roll should receive a pardon, regardless who and what they were; if they were there for life they should receive a pardon. At the end of six months the prisoners were all brought into the same chapel where I had been preaching; and the commissioners came up, and the president of the commissioners stood up on the platform and put his hand into his pocket, and brought out some papers, and said: "I hold in my hand pardons for five men." And the chaplain told me he never witnessed anything on earth like it. Every man was as still as death; many were deadly pale, and the suspense was something awful. The commissioner went on to tell them how they had got the pardon; but the chaplain said to the commissioner: "Before you make your speech, read out the names. This suspense is awful." So he read out the first name: "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon;" and he held it out, but none came forward. He said to the governor: "Are all the prisoners here?" The governor told him they were all there. Then he said again: "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon. It is signed and sealed by the governor. He is a free man." The chaplain told me he looked right down where Reuben was, and he was looking all

round to see the fortunate man who had got his pardon. Finally the chaplain caught his eye, and he said: "Reuben, you are the man." Reuben turned round and looked behind him to see where Reuben was. The chaplain said the second time: "Reuben you are the man;" and the second time he looked round, thinking it must be some other Reuben. Now, men do not believe the Gospel is for them. They think it is too good, and pass it over their shoulders to the next man.

THE DEACON'S WARNING.

A YOUNG man met the deacon of a church one Sabbath morning and asked him the terrible question; "How far is it to hell?" "Young man," was the reply, "don't mock such a serious reality, you may be nearer to hell than you think." They had only just turned the corner of the road, and ridden a few yards, when his horse threw him, and he was picked up dead.

REFUSING RELIGION.

A FEW years ago, before I had left the farm, I was talking one day to a man who was working there, and who was weeping. I said to him: "What is the trouble?" And he told me a very strange story. When he started out in life he left his native village, and went to another town to find something to do, and he said he was unsuccessful. The first Sabbath he went to a little church, and there the minister preached from this text:

“Seek ye first the kingdom of God;” and he said that he thought the text and the sermon were for himself. The sermon made a deep impression upon him, and he could not forget it for some days. But he said he did not want to become a Christian then. He wanted to get rich, and when he was settled in life he would seek the kingdom of God. He went on, and the next Sabbath he was in another village, and he went to church again, and he made a point of going to church every Sunday morning. It was not long before he heard another minister preach from the same text, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God.” He thought surely some one must have been speaking to the minister about him, for the minister just pictured him out. But he said he would not seek the kingdom of God then; but when he got settled in life, and had control of his time, and was his own master, he would then seek the kingdom of God. Some time after he was at another village, and he went to church again; but he had not been there a great while when he heard the third minister preach from the same text: “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added.” He said it went right down into his soul; but he calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not become a Christian, that he would not seek the kingdom of God until he had got settled in life, and owned a farm, and that then he would attend to the salvation of his soul. Many a man thinks he can't make money if he becomes a Christian. How the devil deceives you! This man said: “Now I am

what the world calls rich, and go to church every Sunday ; but I have never heard a sermon from that day to this which has ever made any impression upon my heart. My heart is as hard as a stone." As he said this, tears trickled down his cheeks. I was a young man at that time, and did not know what it meant.

A HEART-BREAKING LETTER.

I GOT a letter the other day that made me weep, which I will read : " Mr. Moody : Having with great difficulty prevailed on my husband to come and hear you this evening, and two other unconverted friends, I ask you as a favor to repeat what you did this afternoon about that little praying boy and his words to his father, as I have lost seven dear little children. The eldest boy was a thorough Christian, and died rejoicing in God his Saviour. On the last Sabbath before he died, he called his father to his bedside, and told him he was dying and going to his heavenly Father, and he had prayed to him for his earthly father ; and unless he left off swearing and singing foolish songs, and driving out on Sundays, where he was going he could never come ; and he clasped his little hands and prayed that God might make his father a good man, so that he would go to chapel with his mother. He said : ' Father, unless you do promise me that, I cannot die.' His prayer affected two or three in the room, but, I am sorry to say although the father promised the child, after many entreaties, that he would alter his ways, he

has never carried out his promise, nor has he entered any one place of worship but twice since our child died. May God have mercy upon my husband! May God help you to speak some word that may draw him in love to his mother's God. His mother died abroad, six years ago, a dear Christian, and her prayers, as well as mine, for her dear son, have gone up to God for many years. All our dear boys have died, until seven have been taken from us. Oh, dear sir, pray for my dear husband." I do confess it almost broke my heart to think how a father could go and live a life like that, losing seven children and a praying mother, and going madly down to death and ruin.

LOST IN THE RAPIDS.

A FEW years ago there were two men upon the Niagara river, and they were going toward the rapids. The oars were lying in the boat, and they were drinking and talking, and having a jolly time. Some one on the shore saw their danger, and shouted to them to turn back; but they laughed at his fears and went on. A little farther down some others saw them; but one of them held up his bottle and shook it at them, and told them what a grand time they were having. They didn't believe the warning; they didn't believe the rapids were anywhere near them. They had drunk too much, and were intoxicated with liquor. Ah! many a soul is intoxicated with this world's affairs and his plans here below. Well, it was n't long before some one else

saw their danger, and he warned them. But the men went on. And at last one of them said: "I hear the rapids!" And they seized the oars and pulled against the current—too late. They pulled and pulled; but it was too late. They could not pull against that awful current; and in a few minutes they went over the cataract and into the jaws of death, and lost their lives because they would not take the warning. So God calls upon you to seek his kingdom; and tells you if you will seek him with all your heart, you will find him.

STEPPING OVER CHRIST.

A YOUNG man in New York city, whose father I knew, was a great prodigal, and had broken his mother's heart, and brought her down to the grave in sorrow. Every night he was out carousing with boon companions. The father's heart was nearly broken too: and one night a few weeks after the mother's death the young man was just starting out; the old man said: "My son, I want one favor of you. I would like you to stay at home and spend one night with me." The young man said he did not want to stay, it was so gloomy. "But," said the father, "will you not stay and gratify your aged father? You know your conduct killed your poor mother. My boy, wont you stay?" The old man pleaded with him, and even begged him to stay, but he said: "No, I am not going to stay at home." The old father put forth one more effort to save his prodigal boy,

and he threw himself down before him in the hall. What did that son do? He just leaped over his father's body, and went out to join his comrades. There is not one of you but would say, "That was an ungrateful wretch, not fit to live." Ah, sinner, what would you do with Christ in such a case? Why, many of you, I believe, if he were to throw himself down before you and plead with you, would step right over him.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

I WOULD like to weigh men, and so I will put the scales up here. Imagine them hanging down from heaven in this hall, and that we are to be weighed. Perhaps if Belshazzar, who was astonished at being found wanting, had seen the scales, he would have been as willing as most of you to leap into one pan with the expectation of seeing the other go up. The majority of people want to use their own scales, feeling pretty sure that by these they would weigh heavier than their neighbors. He (the speaker) would weigh them in God's scales, which were evenly paired and balanced, and the weights would be the Ten Commandments.

HOMELY ILLUSTRATION OF A SINNER.

YOU know that when the perfect God gave a law, it had to be a perfect law, a perfect standard. No man ever kept that law. Christ only did it, because he

was divine. I challenge any man or any devil to find a blemish in his life or character. So he was able to become the sinner's substitute. In England there used to be a game played with bows and arrows. A man would have ten arrows, and if he missed sending them every one through a hoop, he was called a "sinner." Now suppose that clock is a hoop. I send nine arrows all through, but miss the tenth. I am a sinner. Then some one else here, says : "Let me try it." He misses every one. We are both "sinners," and he no more than I, though I have only missed one arrow. Oh, my friend, if you sin in one point, and every one has at least done that, you must number yourself among the ungodly.

EVERY MAN A FAILURE.

EVERY man, from Adam down, has proved a failure. Man was a failure in Eden ; he became a wreck there. Man was also a stupendous failure under the Mosaic covenant. Then see what a failure man was under the judges and under the prophets. Walk up and down the streets of London or New York, and see the young men reeling down to a drunkard's grave. Look at them all around you hurrying on to destruction. Oh, man has ever been and is a failure. So, my friends, let us learn this lesson, that man without God is a failure, put him where you please ; the law condemns him ; he is at war with the God that created him.

THE IDIOT'S MOTHER.

I KNOW a mother who has an idiot child. For it she gave up all society, almost everything, and devoted her whole life to it. "And now," said she, "for fourteen years I have tended it and loved it, and it does not even know me. Oh, it is breaking my heart!" Oh, how the Lord might say this of hundreds here. Jesus comes here, and goes from seat to seat, asking if there is a place for him. Oh, will not some of you take him into your hearts?

2. THE ATONEMENT.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."
JOHN 3:16.

SUBSTITUTION.

IF you take this doctrine out of my Bible, I will leave it here to-night, for it is no good to me. This doctrine belongs to the Bible. You find it like a scarlet line running all through the book. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," but Christ died for the guilty, "the just for the unjust." He died in the place of sinners; and if I have him, I have taken him as my substitute, and I am saved. In the time of Napoleon I., a certain man agreed to join the ranks in the place of a comrade who had been drafted. The offer was accepted, the battle took place, and the man was killed. Some

time after, another draft was made, and they wanted a second time to take the man whose substitute had been shot. "No," said he, "you can't take me; I'm dead. I was shot at such a battle." "Why, man, you are crazy. Look here, you got a substitute; another man went in your place, but you have not been shot." "No, but he died in my place; he went as my substitute." They would not recognize it, and it was carried up to the emperor, but the emperor said the man was right. Napoleon the First recognized the doctrine of substitution. But think of this, my friends, the great Emperor of heaven has recognized the doctrine of substitution; if he had not, where would our hope for eternity be? Dashed to the ground. Ask me where my hope of substitution is, and I answer, Jesus for me! I have broken the law. Yes, but Christ sends me a message, and he says, "I will take *your* place, and you shall take *mine*." Take him as your Substitute and Saviour.

THE FREE GIFT.

IT is a free gift, presented to "whosoever." Suppose I were to say, I will give this Bible to "whosoever," what have you got to do? Why, nothing but to take it. But a man comes forward, and says, "I'd like that Bible very much." "Well, did n't I say 'whosoever'?" "Yes; but I'd like to have you say my name." "Well, here it is." Still he keeps eying the Bible, and says, "I'd like to give you something for it. I do n't like to take it for

nothing." "Well, I am not here to sell Bibles ; take it, if you want it." "Well, I want it ; but I'd like to give you something for it. Let me give you a penny for it ; though, to be sure, it's worth twenty or thirty shillings." Well, suppose I took the penny ; the man takes up the Bible, and marches away home with it. His wife says, "Where did you get that Bible ?" "Oh, I bought it." Mark the point : when he gives the penny it ceases to be a gift. So with salvation. If you were to pay ever so little, it would not be a gift.

THE BLOOD UPON THE DOORPOST.

THERE was a little child (so runs the legend), the firstborn in the house of an Israelite ; and you know God said that, in every house where the blood was not upon the doorpost, the firstborn should be smitten by death. The little girl was sick, but she was afraid that the blood was not upon the doorpost ; so she asked her father if he was sure he had put the blood upon the doorpost ; and the father said, "Yes, he was quite sure ; he had ordered it to be done." But the little girl said the second time, "Father, are you quite sure that the blood is there ?" "Yes, my child," answered the father ; "be quiet, and sleep." But the child could not sleep. She was very sick and very restless ; and as night came on, and it grew darker and darker, and nearer and nearer to the time when the angel should pass over Goshen, she got still more nervous and restless and uneasy ; and at

last she said, "Father, take me in your arms, and let me see the blood upon the doorpost;" and the father, to satisfy the child, took her to the door to show her the blood; and lo and behold! it was not there: the man to whom he had given instructions had forgotten to do it. And then the father, in the sight of the child, had the blood sprinkled upon the doorpost, and the child lay down and went to sleep.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

A FRIEND of mine was in Ireland, and saw a little Irish boy who had caught a sparrow, and the poor little bird was trembling and panting in his hand, from which it wanted to get away. It was evidently very much affrighted. The gentleman told the boy to let it go, as the bird could not do him any good; but the boy said he would not let it escape, for he had been chasing it for three hours before he could catch it. The gentleman then offered to buy the bird, and the boy agreed to a price, which was paid. He took the poor bird and held it out on his palm, where it sat for a time, scarcely able to realize the fact that it had got its liberty; but at last it flew away chirping, as if to say to the gentleman, "You have redeemed me." That is an illustration of what is meant by redemption. Satan is stronger than any one upon earth, and there is no match for him but Christ. The Lion of Calvary—the Lion of the tribe of Judah, he is stronger than the lion of hell. When Christ

on Calvary said, "It is finished!" it was the shout of the conqueror. He came to redeem the world without money.

BLAZING THE WAY.

IN our western counties, when men go out hunting into the dense backwoods, where there are no roads or paths of any kind, they take their hatchet and cut a little chip out of the bark of the trees as they go along, and then they easily find their way by these "blazes," for they call it "blazing the way." And so, if you will allow me the expression, Christ has "blazed the way." He has travelled the road himself, and knowing the way, he tells us to follow him, and he will lead us safe on high.

PAYING OUR DEBTS.

I HEARD of an Englishman that was converted some time ago, and when the Lord converted him, he had a great desire to see every man converted; and, indeed, I would not give much for that man's conversion who had not that desire. This man was so filled with the love of Christ that he wanted to go out and publish the good tidings. So he went into one town, and gave notice that he would preach in such a place. It got noised around that the man was rich, so a great many went to see him out of curiosity. He had a great audience the first night, but as he was not a very eloquent man, people did not get interested. Men looked at the messenger instead of

the message. The next night hardly any one was there. Then he got out great placards, and placarded the town ; and he stated that if any man in the town owed any debt, and would come round to his office between nine and twelve o'clock on a certain day, he would pay the debt. Of course that went through the town like wild-fire. One said to the other, "John, do you believe that?" "No, I am not going to believe that any stranger is going to pay our debts." No one believed it, although there were a good many, no doubt, that would have liked to get their debts paid. Well, the day came, and at nine o'clock the man was there. At ten o'clock none had come. At eleven o'clock a man was seen walking up and down, looking over his shoulder, and finally he put his head in at the door, and said, "Is it true that you will pay any man's debt?" The other said, "Yes; do you owe any debt?" "Yes." "Have you brought the necessary papers?" The placard had told them what to do. "Yes." So the man drew a check and paid the other's debt, and kept him and talked with him till twelve o'clock; and before twelve o'clock two other men came and got their debts paid. At twelve o'clock the man let them out, and the people outside said to them, "He paid your debts, did he not?" "Yes, he did," they answered. But the people laughed, and made fun of them, and would not believe it till they pulled out the check, and said, "There it is; he has paid all the debt." And then the people said, "What fools we were we did not go in and get our debts paid!" But they could not;

it was too late ; the door was closed ; the time was up. And then the man, as before, preached the gospel, and great crowds went to hear him ; and he said, " Now, my friends, that is what God wants to do, but you will not let him do it. Christ came to pay our debts, and this is the gospel." I could not have a better illustration of the gospel than this. Every man owes God a debt he cannot pay. Would you insult the Almighty by offering fruits of this frail body to atone for sin ? Isaiah says, " He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed." Paul says : " I declare unto you the gospel, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures."

CHRIST'S DEATH.

LET us get back to the simple gospel—Christ died for our sins. We must know Christ at Calvary first, as our Substitute, as our Redeemer ; and the moment we accept of him as our Substitute and our Redeemer, then it is that we become partakers of the gospel. The moment I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as my Substitute, as my Saviour, that moment I get light and peace. I know some people say, " Oh, it is not Christ's death, it is Christ's life. Do not be preaching so much about the death of Christ, preach about his life." My friends, that never will save any one. Paul says : " I declare unto you the gospel : Christ died"—not Christ lived—

"Christ died for our sins." Peter says: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Now, when I accept of Christ as my Saviour, as my Substitute, then I am justified from all things from which I could not be justified by the law of Moses.

REDEMPTION.

ONCE when I was revisiting my native village, I was going to a neighboring town to preach, and saw a young man coming from a house with a wagon, in which was seated an old woman. I felt interested in them, and asked my companion who they were. I was told to look at the adjoining meadow and pasture, and at the great barns that were on the farm, as well as a good house. "Well," said my companion, "that young man's father drank that all up, and left his wife in the poorhouse. The young man went away and worked until he had got money enough to redeem that farm, and now it is his own, and he is taking his mother to church." That is another illustration of redemption. In the first Adam we have lost all, but the second Adam has redeemed everything by His death.

WHAT GOD CANNOT DO.

IN Ireland, some time ago, a teacher asked a little boy if there was anything that God could not do, and the little fellow said: "Yes; he cannot see my sins through the blood of Christ." That is just what he cannot do. The blood covers them.

THE FIRE ON THE PRAIRIE.

OUT in our western country in the autumn, when men go hunting, and there has not been for months any rain, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire, and there comes a very strong wind, and the flames roll along twenty feet high over that western desert, and travel at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, consuming man and beast. When the frontier-men see it coming, what do they do? They know they cannot run as fast as the fire can run. Not the fleetest horse can escape from the fire. They just take a match and light the grass around them and let the flames sweep, and then they get into the burnt district and stand safe. They hear the flames roar as they come along; they see death approaching them; but they do not fear, they do not tremble, because the fire has passed over the place where they are, and there is no danger, for there is nothing for the fire to burn. Now there is one mountain peak that the wrath of God has swept over; that is Mount Calvary, and that fire spent its fury upon the bosom of the Son of God. Take your stand here by the cross, and you will be safe for time and eternity.

FOR THE PEOPLE BURNED OUT.

AFTER the Chicago fire took place, a great many things were sent to us from all parts of the world. The boxes they came in were labelled: "For the people who were burned out," and all a man had to do was to

prove that he had been burned out, and he got a share. So here, you have but to prove that you are poor, miserable sinners, and there is help for you. If a man who feels ruined and lost will cling to "try," there is no hope; but if he will give all his "trying" up as a bad job, then Christ will save him. The law condemns us, but Christ saves us.

RECONCILIATION OVER A MOTHER'S CORPSE.

A MOTHER in New York, whose son had got into dissipated and abandoned habits, after repeated remonstrances and threats, was turned out of doors by his father, and he left vowing he would never return unless his father asked him, which the father said would never be. Grief over her son soon laid the mother on her dying-bed; and when her husband asked if there was nothing he could do for her ere she departed this life, she said, "Yes, you can send for my boy." The father was at first unwilling, but at length, seeing her so near her end, he sent for his son. The young man came, and as he entered the sick-room his father turned his back upon him. As the mother was sinking rapidly, the two stood on opposite sides of her bed, all love and sorrow for her, but not exchanging a word with each other. She asked the father to forgive the boy; no, he would n't until the son asked it. Turning to him, she begged of him to ask his father's forgiveness; no, his proud heart would not let him take the first step. After repeated attempts she failed; but as she was just expiring, with one last effort

she got hold of the father's hand in one hand and her son's in the other, and exerting all her feeble strength, she joined their hands, and, with one last appealing look, she was gone. Over her dead body they were reconciled, but it took the mother's death to bring it about. So, has not God made a great sacrifice that we might be reconciled? even the death of his own dear Son.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE ORANGE.

MY wife went out one day, and my little boy, two years old, got hold of a pair of scissors. My little girl knew he ought not to have them, and she went to him and tried to get them away; but the little fellow held on to the scissors, and would not give them up. She was afraid of his sticking them in his eyes, so she ran off to another room and got an orange, and came running in, and held it up, and said, "Willie, do you not want this orange?" and the little fellow dropped the scissors and went for the orange. If you will allow the illustration, God comes here and says, "Here is my Son, take him." He saves the sinner; and the moment we get Him, these things we have loved so much are gone; they float away into the dim past. Christ is worth more than all the world.

I DIED FOR YOU.

AT the time of the gold-fever in California, a man went from England to the diggings. By-and-by he sent money for his wife and child to follow him. They

arrived safely in New York, and there took a passage in one of the beautiful Pacific steamers. A few days after sailing the terrible cry of "Fire! fire!" rung through the ship. Everything that the captain and sailors could do was done, but it was of no use; the fire rapidly gained ground. As there was a powder-magazine on board, the captain knew that the moment the flames reached it the vessel would be blown up; so he gave the word to lower the life-boats. They were got out, but there was not room for all; so the strong pushed in and left the weak to their fate. As the last boat was moving off, a mother and her boy were on the deck, and she pleaded to be taken on board. The sailors agreed to take one, but not both. What did the mother do? Did she jump in herself? No; she kissed her boy, and handing him over the side of the ship, said, "If you live to see your father, tell him I died to save you." That was great love, yet it is but a faint type of what Christ has done for us.

THE KING'S PARDON.

A MAN was once being tried for a crime, the punishment of which was death. The witnesses came in one by one and testified to his guilt; but there he stood, quite calm and unmoved. The judge and the jury were quite surprised at his indifference; they could not understand how he could take such a serious matter so calmly. When the jury retired, it did not take them many minutes to decide on the verdict "Guilty;" and when the

judge was passing the sentence of death upon the criminal, he told him how surprised he was that he could be so unmoved in the prospect of death. When the judge had finished, the man put his hand in his bosom, pulled out a document, and walked out of the dock a free man. Ah, that was how he could be so calm; it was a free pardon from his king, which he had in his pocket all the time. The king had instructed him to allow the trial to proceed, and to produce the pardon only when he was condemned. No wonder, then, that he was indifferent as to the result of the trial. Now that is just what will make us joyful in the great day of judgment: we have got a pardon from the Great King, and it is sealed with the blood of his Son.

FREEDOM.

WHEN I was at Richmond, Va., the colored people were going to have a meeting. It was the first day of their freedom. I went to the African church, and never before or since heard such bursts of native eloquence. "Mother," said one, "rejoice to-day. Your little child has been sold from you for the last time; your posterity are for ever free. Glory to God in the highest! Young men, you have heard the driver's whip for the last time; you are free to-day! Young maidens, you have been put up on the auction-block for the last time!" They spoke right out, they shouted for joy; their prayers had been answered; it was the Gospel to

them. In like manner Jesus Christ proclaims liberty to the captives. Some have accepted it; some, like the poor negroes, scarcely believe the good tidings; but it is none the less true. Christ has come to redeem us from the slavery of sin. Now, who will accept of that redemption? There was one colored woman, a servant in an inn in the Southern states, who could not believe she was free. "Be's I free, or be's I not?" she asked of a visitor. Her master told her she was not free; her colored brethren told her she was. For two years she had been free without knowing it. She represents a great many in the church of God to-day. They can have liberty, and yet they do n't know it.

AN AFFECTING WAR STORY.

I WAS in Brooklyn one day, when I met a young man passing down the streets. I want to tell you his history. At the time the war broke out the young man was engaged to be married to a young lady in New England, but the marriage was postponed. He was very fortunate in battle after battle, until the battle of the Wilderness took place, just before the war was over. The young lady was looking anxiously for a letter from him, and was counting the days at the end of which he would return. She waited for letters, but no letters came. At last she received one addressed in a strange handwriting, and it read something like this: "There has been another terrible battle. I have been unfortunate this

time; I have lost both my arms. I cannot write myself, but a comrade is writing this letter for me. I write to tell you you are as dear to me as ever; but I shall now be dependent upon other people for the rest of my days, and I have this letter written to release you from your engagement." This letter was never answered. By the next train that left that town she went clear down to the scene of the late conflict, and sent word to the captain what her errand was, and got the number of the soldier's cot. She went along the line, and the moment her eyes fell upon that number she went to that cot and threw her arms around that young man's neck and kissed him. "I will never give you up," she said. "These hands will never give you up; I am able to support you; I will take care of you." My friends, you are not able to take care of yourselves. The law says you are ruined, but Christ says, "I will take care of you; I will snap the fetters that bind you. I will bring you out of the house of bondage. I will set your soul free from sin and death; I will give you eternal life. I will take care of you." That young man might have rejected that young lady. And, sinner, you can reject the Son of God if you will, but if you do you must perish.

CHRIST BREAKING THE CHAIN.

IN the North there was a minister talking to a man in the inquiry-room. The man says, "My heart is so hard, it seems as if it was chained, and I cannot come."



"Ah," says the minister, "come along, chain and all;" and he just came to Christ hard-hearted, chain and all, and Christ snapped the fetters, and set him free right there. So come along. If you are bound hand and feet by Satan, it is the work of God to break the fetters; you cannot break them.

DROWNED.

AWAY off on the Northern coast, some time ago, there was a vessel wrecked, and a mother and her babe lost their lives on that night. The little babe was in her arms. When they found her on the shore the little babe was clasped to her bosom. They attempted to separate the babe and mother, for burial purposes; but they found it was so difficult that they buried them together. So you might say that Christ took the poor sinner into his bosom and went down to the grave with him, and burst asunder the bonds of death, and ascended and gave him a seat at the right hand of God.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

THERE is a story told in connection with our war of a mother who received a despatch that her son was mortally wounded. She went down to the front, as she knew that those soldiers told off to watch the sick and wounded could not watch her boy as she would. So she went to the doctor, and said, "Would you like me to take care of my boy?" The doctor said, "We have just

let him go to sleep, and if you go to him the surprise will be so great it might be dangerous to him. He is in a very critical state. I will break the news to him gradually." "But," said the mother, "he may never wake up. I should so dearly like to see him." Oh, how she longed to see him! and finally the doctor said, "You can see him, but if you wake him up and he dies, it will be your fault." "Well," she said, "I will not wake him up if I may only go by his dying-cot and see him." Well, she went to the side of the cot. Her eyes had longed to see him; and as she gazed upon him she could not keep her hand off that pallid forehead, and she laid it gently there. There was love and sympathy in that hand, and the moment the slumbering boy felt it, he said, "O mother, have you come?" He knew there was sympathy and affection in the touch of that hand. And if you, O sinner, will let Jesus reach out his hand and touch your heart, you too will find there is sympathy and love in it.

SCOURGING.

FOR a long time I didn't know what a Roman scourging was; but when I did, I just lay down on my face and asked the Lord Jesus to forgive me for not loving him better and trying to please him more. The Roman custom of scourging—just the scourging alone—ought to break the heart of every man and woman. The custom was to bind the prisoner's wrists

together, and bind his body in a stooping posture, and strip his back quite bare, and then, fastening together some rods, or leathern thongs, weighted with jagged edges of bone and lead, make what was called a scourge. Yes, truly, "He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by his stripes we are healed." Just imagine the Son of God to-night before this assembly, bound to that post, and the Roman soldier takes the scourge and brings it down on that poor back, blow after blow, clear through the skin and flesh. Sometimes a man would die under the operation. Thirty-nine or more strokes on that back!

AFRAID OF THE LANDLORD.

MANY think God comes wanting something from us. When he was in Glasgow, Dr. William Arnot heard that a poor woman was unable to pay her rent, and he thought he would go round to her house and give her some assistance. After knocking he heard some one moving; he knocked again, but no one came; he waited some time, but after knocking repeatedly he had to leave without gaining admittance. A day or two afterwards he met the woman in the street, and told her that he had been at the house, with the view of helping her. "O doctor!" exclaimed the poor widow, "was that you? Why, I thought it was the landlord, and was afraid to open, as I had nothing to pay him with." Now that woman just represented a sinner. Jesus comes

knocking at the door of our heart; He says: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, if any man open I will come in and sup with him." He is knocking—knocking to-day, and yet we keep the door fastened and hide trembling, imagining all the time that He has come to demand something we cannot pay.



"IT IS FINISHED."

AT the last He cried, with a loud voice: "It is finished!" Perhaps not many on earth heard it, or cared about it when they did hear it; but I can imagine there were not many in heaven who did not hear it, and if they have bells in heaven, how they must have rung out that day: "*It is finished! It is finished!*" The Son of God had died that poor sinful man might have life eternal. I can imagine the angels walking through the streets of heaven crying: "*It is finished!*" and the mansions of that world ringing with the glad tidings: "*It is finished!*" It was the shout of victory. All you have got to do is to look and be saved. You have seen the waves of the sea come dashing up against a rocky shore. They come up and beat against the rock, and, breaking into pieces, go back to gather fresh strength, and again they come up and beat against the rock only to be again broken into pieces. And so it would seem as if the dark waves of hell had gathered all their strength together and had come beating up against the bosom of the Son of God; but he drives

them all back again with that shout of a conqueror: "It is finished." And with that shout He snapped the fetters of sin, and broke the power of the devil.

"Death, hell, and sin, are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And, lo, I plead the atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim thy heaven."

3. REPENTANCE.

Repentance implies conviction of sin—sorrow for sin—turning from sin. It is made an essential to salvation by our Lord: "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

THE REPENTANT SON.

I REMEMBER to have heard a story of a bad boy who had run away from home. He had given his father no end of trouble. He had refused all the invitations which his father had sent him to come home and be forgiven, and help comfort his old heart. He had even gone so far as to scoff at his father and mother. But one day a letter came, telling him his father was dead, and they wanted him to come home and attend the funeral. At first he determined he would not go, but then he thought it would be a shame not to pay some little respect to the memory of so good a man; and so, just as a matter of form, he took the train and went to the old home, sat through all the funeral services, saw his father buried, and came back with the rest of the

friends to the house, with his heart as cold and stony as ever. But when the old man's will was brought out to be read, the ungrateful son found that his father had remembered him along with all the rest of the family, and had left him an inheritance with the others, who had not gone astray. This broke his heart in penitence. It was too much for him, that his old father, during all those years in which he had been so wicked and rebellious, had never ceased to love him. That is just the way our Father in Heaven does with us. That is just the way Jesus does with people who refuse to give their hearts to Him. He loves them in spite of their sins, and it is this love which, more than anything else, brings hard-hearted sinners to their knees.

THE REPENTANT CHILD.

IN closing a searching appeal to the unconverted, Mr. Moody described a scene which took place between his sister and a little son, who had been very naughty. Both father and mother requested the child to ask forgiveness, but he would not. His mother put him to bed, and said he must stay there until he submitted. The parents visited him at intervals for forty-eight hours, and he was still obstinate; but at last he yielded to his mother's loving appeal, and slowly repeated after her, "Mother—forgive—me." "I have said it," shouted the repentant; "give me my clothes, till I go down and tell papa." God is asking all men to repent, and he wants to freely forgive all who believe in Jesus.

MOODY AND THE INQUIRER.

A MAN said to me the other night in the inquiry-room, "Mr. Moody, I wish you would tell me why I can't find the Lord." Said I, "I can tell you why you can't find him." "Why is it?" "Why, you haven't sought for him with all your heart." He looked at me, and said he thought he had. "Well," said I, "I think you have n't; because you will surely find him when you seek for him with all your heart. Now, my friend, I can tell you the day and hour you are going to be converted." The man looked at me, and I have no doubt thought I was a little wild. Said I, "The Scripture tells me, 'Ye shall find me when ye seek for me with all your heart.'" It do n't take a man long to find the Lord when he makes his mind up to do it.

THE LOST DIAMOND RING.

SOME people say, "We are, *we are* in earnest, and we want the Lord more than anything else." Well, I doubt it. I do n't believe that any man or woman would go out of this Rink to-night without being saved if they wanted God more than anything else. If men were really in earnest about the salvation of their souls, they would soon be saved. If a man should come here to-night, and say, "Moody, I came up to the Rink last night. I had a very valuable diamond ring, which was left me by my mother, and it is of great value to me. I

had it on my finger when I came into the Rink, and, of course, I lost it here. I had it when I came in, and didn't have it when I went out. Now, the ring is not worth ten thousand dollars; but I will give ten thousand dollars to any one that finds it and returns it." Then suppose I gave this out before preaching my sermon. Why, you would n't be thinking about the sermon. You would be thinking about that diamond ring. You would be looking for it, hoping to get those ten thousand dollars. I do n't believe there would be policemen enough in Brooklyn to get you out of this. You would want to find that ring. Ten thousand dollars! Come here a poor man, and go away worth ten thousand dollars! You could n't get those ten thousand dollars out of your minds. How eager you would become. You would n't talk about going home and going to sleep to-night if there was one chance in a million of finding that ring. Why, how you would search for it! You would be deeply in earnest then, if there was a chance for you to find it. Now, if men would seek for salvation as they would seek to gain ten thousand dollars, do n't you think they would find it? Of course they would—could n't help it.

THE VALUE OF FIFTY YEARS.

I SAW an old man in the inquiry-room, who, I was informed, was seventy-five years old. And the thought came across me, If this man is saved, he is so old, he can't do much for the cause. Suppose he had been converted

fifty years ago, he would have been fifty years a Christian, and might have led thousands of souls to Christ, and in those fifty years what a work he might have done! If he is saved now—and I hope he is—his life is lost. It has gone for all time and eternity; and would n't it have been better for him if he had sought the Lord fifty years ago? It is a wonder he has done so at all. Very few men now live the life allotted to men; and if they do, few of them are ever seen in the church of God inquiring the way of life. Their hearts become hard, and so indifferent you cannot reach them. It was a glorious sight to see that old man there last night; but it's a better sight to see the young coming in the morning of their life.

REPENTANCE ON SEEING THE CORPSE OF A MOTHER.

ON enforcing the duty of immediate repentance, Mr. Moody told a story of a boy who assaulted an invalid mother and left home, refusing to comply with repeated invitations to return home. She died of a broken heart; and as soon as the youth was ushered into the death-chamber and saw the form of his mother, he prostrated himself at the bedside and repented of his sin. So the death of Christ ought to lead all sinners to repentance.

4. FAITH.



Acceptance of and trust in the atonement of Christ is the absolute condition on which salvation is bestowed on the sinner. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He loved me and gave himself for me."

WHAT THE WORLD BELIEVES.

FAITH has an outward look, not an inward one.

Hundreds of people spend time in looking at their own hearts, but faith is an outward look. We are to have faith in God, and not in man. A great many people place their faith in men; they pin their faith to other people's doctrines and creeds. Not long ago I heard of a man who was asked what he believed. He said he believed what his church believed. "What does your church believe?" "The church believes what I believe." And that was all they could get out of him. There are a great many in that state of mind. They profess to believe what the church believes, but they do not know what the church believes. If their church teaches it, they say they believe it. All the churches in the world can't save a soul. It is not to have faith in this church or that church, this doctrine or that doctrine, this man or that man, but it is to have faith in the Man Christ Jesus at the right hand of God. That is the only faith that will ever save a soul.

THE FAITH OF AN OLD NEGRESS.

I HAVE a great admiration for the old colored woman who said if God told her to jump through a stone wall she would jump at it; getting through the wall was God's work, not hers, and she would do whatever God told her to do. The greatest enemy God and man have is unbelief. Christ found it on both sides of the cross. It was the very thing that put him to death. The Jews did not believe him; they did not believe God had sent him; they took him to Calvary and murdered him; and the first thing we find after he got up out of the grave was unbelief again. Thomas, one of his own disciples, did not believe he had risen. He said, "Thomas, feel these wounds;" and Thomas instantly believed, and said, "My Lord and my God." Now those Christians here that have learnt to trust God in past years will bear me out in this, that the more they know of God the more they can trust him. Why? They have found God to be true. When man has failed, God never has failed; and when every one else has disappointed them, God has proved true.

LOOK AND LIVE.

SOME one may say, "You are always crying, 'Believe, believe, believe,' till my head is sick hearing the word. I don't know what it is to believe." Well, just look into that camp in the desert, amid the groans of the dying; a pole is raised, a brazen serpent upon it. What

have the wounded to do in order to be healed? Why, nothing but *look!* Look and live. So, to-night, you have simply to *look* to Jesus. He is held up now before your eyes. Will you have him? During the American war a young soldier was mortally wounded by a shot, which also carried away part of his hand. He asked for a piece of paper and pencil, and with his maimed hand wrote this:

“FATHER, MEET ME IN HEAVEN;”

he wished to sign his name, but the pencil dropped from his wounded fingers; but that letter was sealed with his blood. Here it is: “Whosoever believeth on him hath eternal life.”

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

IN our country there were two millers, who used to take charge of a mill on a stream, the one relieving the other. One of them used to row down the stream at night, within about a hundred yards of the dam, hitch the boat, and then go into the mill and take his comrade's place, while he would take the boat and row up the stream to his home. One night, as he was coming to relieve the other as usual, he fell asleep, when all of a sudden the noise of the waters rushing over the dam woke him, and in an instant he realized his perilous position, and seizing the oars, began to pull against the current for his life; but it was too late. He knew full well that if he went over that dam, it was sure and in-

stant destruction. So he tried to swing his boat to the shore, but nearer and nearer he went to the dam. At last, with a despairing effort, he got alongside the steep and rocky bank, and laid hold of a twig. With this he tried to pull himself up, but he felt it giving way, and he dared not try again, and could not find another. All he could do was to clutch it, and hold on by it, and raise a cry for help. "Help! help! help!" he shouted. He had no other hope for life. And when, at last, that cry of distress was heard, and, having heard it, ropes were brought and anxiously let down over the rocks below which he was holding on, he let go the twig. And the moment he let go the twig and laid hold of the ropes, they began to pull away and lifted him safely up out of the jaws of death. Now, bear in mind, God will always hear your cry. God's ear has not grown deaf, nor his arm grown short, that he cannot save. The rope is as long to-night as it has ever been, and that rope is Christ himself. Let go your own twig and lay hold of the rope of eternal life, which is Christ.

SURGEON AND PATIENT.

WHEN I was in Belfast I knew a doctor who had a friend, a leading surgeon there, and he told me that the surgeon's custom was, before performing any operation, to say to the patient, "Take a good look at the wound, and then fix your eyes on me, and don't take them off till I get through the operation." I thought at

the time that was a good illustration. Sinner, take a good look at the wound to-night, and then fix your eyes on Christ, and don't take them off. It is better to look at the remedy than at the wound.

"TAKE."

I WAS on the Pacific coast, in California, two or three years ago, and I was the guest of a man that had a large vineyard and a large orchard. One day he said to me, "Moody, while you are my guest, I want you to make yourself perfectly happy, and if there is anything in the orchard or in the vineyard you would like, help yourself." Well, when I wanted an orange, I did not go to an orange-tree and pray the oranges to fall into my pocket, but I walked up to a tree, reached out my hand, and took the oranges. He said, "Take," and I took. God says, "Take," and you do it. God says, "There is my Son." "The wages of sin is death; the gift of God is eternal life." Who will take it now?

A CONDEMNED MAN.

IT is recorded in history of a man that was condemned to be put to death, that when he came to lay his head on the block the prince asked him if there was any one petition that he could grant him; and all that the condemned man asked for was a glass of water. They went and got him a tumbler of water, and when he got it his hand trembled so that he could not get it to his mouth.

The prince said to him, "Your life is safe until you drink that water." He took the prince at his word, and dashed the water to the ground. They could not gather it up, and so he saved his life. My friends, you can save your soul by taking God at his word. The water of life is offered to whosoever will. Take it now, and you shall live.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.

A FRIEND of mine up in Scotland told me of a Scotch lassie who came to the inquiry-room, and the minister talked with her, and he said: "Young woman, you go home and read the 53d chapter of Isaiah." And the Scotch girl threw up her hands and said: "I cannot read, I cannot pray; Jesus, take me as I am." She had got it.

MR. MOODY'S LITTLE BOY.

I WANTED to teach my little boy what faith was a short time ago, and so I put him on a table for he was about two years old. I stood back three or four feet, and said: "Willie, jump." The little fellow said: "Pa, I'se afraid." I said: "Willie, I will catch you; just look right at me and just jump;" and the little fellow got all ready to jump, and then looked down again and says: "I'se afraid." "Willie, did n't I tell you I would catch you? will pa deceive you? Now, Willie, look me right in the eye and jump, and I will catch you;"

and the little fellow got all ready the third time to jump, but he looked on the floor and says: "I'se afraid." "Did n't I tell you I would catch you?" "Yes." At last I said: "Willie, do n't take your eyes off me;" and I gazed into the little fellow's eyes, and said: "Now jump; do n't look at the floor;" and he leaped into my arms. Then he said to me: "Let me jump again." I put him back, and the moment he got on the table he jumped, and after that, when he was on the table, and I was standing five or six feet away, I heard him cry, "Pa, I'se coming," and had just time to rush and catch him. He seemed to put too much confidence in me. But you cannot put too much confidence in God. Now faith never looks down, it looks right up. God says, "Trust me," and God will bring us through all our difficulties if we will only trust him.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE child, whose father and mother had died, was taken into another family. The first night she asked if she could pray, as she used to do. They said: "Oh yes." So she knelt down, and prayed as her mother had taught her; and, when that was ended, she added a little prayer of her own: "O God, make these people as kind to me as father and mother were." Then she paused, and looked up, as if expecting the answer, and added: "Of course he will." How sweetly simple was that little one's faith; she expected God to "do," and, of course, she got her request.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

I REMEMBER a little child (she is a young lady now) who lived with her parents in a small village in America. One day the news came that her father had joined the army (it was at the beginning of our war), and a few days after the landlord came to demand the rent. The mother told him that she had n't got it, and that her husband had gone to the army. He was a hard-hearted wretch, and he stormed and said that they must leave the house ; he was n't going to have people who could n't pay the rent. After he was gone, the mother threw herself into the arm-chair, and began to weep bitterly. Her little girl, whom she had taught to pray in faith (but it is more difficult to practise than to preach), came up to her, and said, "What makes you cry, mamma? I will pray God to give us a little house, and wont he?" What could the mother say? So the little child went into the next room and began to pray. The door was open, and the mother could hear every word. "O God, you have come and taken away father, and mamma has got no money, and the landlord will turn us out because we can't pay, and we will have to sit on the doorstep, and mamma will catch cold. Give us a little home." Then she waited, as if for an answer, and then added, "Wont you, please, God?" She came out of that room quite happy, expecting a house to be given them. The mother felt reproved. I can tell you, however, she has never paid any rent since, for God heard the prayer of that

little one, and touched the heart of the cruel landlord. God give us the faith of that little child, that we may likewise expect an answer, "nothing wavering."



FAITH AND FEELINGS.

ONE night, when preaching in Philadelphia, right down by the side of the pulpit there was a young lady, whose eyes were riveted on me, as if she were drinking in every word. It is precious to preach to people like that; they generally get good, even if the sermon be poor. I got interested in her, and after I had done talking I went and spoke to her. "Are you a Christian?" "No; I wish I was; I have been seeking Jesus for three years." I said, "There must be some mistake." She looked strangely at me, and said, "Do n't you believe me?" "Well, no doubt you thought you were seeking Jesus; but it do n't take an anxious sinner three years to meet a willing Saviour." "What am I to do, then?" "The matter is, you are trying to *do* something; you must just believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "Oh, I am sick and tired of the word 'Believe, believe, believe!' I do n't know what it is." "Well," I said, "we'll change the word; take 'trust.'" "If I say, 'I'll trust him,' will he save me?" "No; I do n't say that; you may *say* a thousand things, but he will if you *do* trust him." "Well," she said, "I do trust him; but," she added in the same breath, "I do n't feel any better." "Ah, I've got it now! You've been looking for feelings

for three years, instead of for Jesus. Faith is up above, not down here." People are always looking for feelings. They are getting up a new translation of the Bible here, and if the men who are translating it would only put in *feelings*, instead of *faith*, what a rush there would be for that Bible. But if you look from Genesis to Revelation you cannot find *feelings* attached to salvation. We must rise above feelings. So I said to this lady, "You cannot control your feelings; if you could, what a time you'd have! I know I would never have the toothache or the headache."

THE RIGHT KIND OF FAITH.

SUPPOSE I should meet a person to-night when I go away from here, a person that I had met in rags every day, and should see him all dressed up, and should say to him, "Holloa, beggar!" "Why, Mr. Moody, I a'n't no beggar; I a'n't." "Well, you were last night. I know you. You asked me for money." "True, but I was standing here, and a man came along and put ten thousand dollars in my hand, real money, and I've got it in the bank now." "How do you know you stretched out the *right* hand to take it?" "Hand! what do I care which hand! I've got the *money*, I have!" And so people talk about the *right kind* of faith. *Any* kind of faith will do that will get the good. There would be no trouble about peace and happiness if men had faith in Christ.

5. REGENERATION.

"If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature."

REGENERATION THE FOUNDATION OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

IT is the A B C of God's salvation. If a man is unsound on regeneration, he is unsound on everything. It is really the foundation-stone of Christian character; and we must get the foundation right. If we don't, what is the good of trying to build a house? Now, Christ says plainly, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." But although regeneration, or the new birth, is taught so plainly in the third chapter of John, I don't believe there is any truth in the whole Bible that there is such great darkness about as this great truth. There are a great many like the man who saw men as trees walking. Many Christians do not seem to be clear about this new birth.

REGENERATION A MYSTERY.

A GREAT many men try to investigate and find out God. Suppose you spend a little of your time in asking God to reveal himself to you. I heard some time ago of some commercial travellers who went to hear a man preach. They came back to the hotel, and were sitting in the smoking-room talking, and they said the minister did not appeal to their reason, and they would

not believe anything they could not reason out. There was an old man sitting there listening, and he said to them: "You say you wont believe anything you can't reason out?" "No, we wont." The old man then said, "As I was coming in the train yesterday, I noticed some sheep and cattle and swine and geese, all eating grass. Now, can you tell me by what process that same grass is turned into feathers, hair, bristles, and wool?" "Well, no, we can't just tell you that." "Do you believe it is a fact?" "Oh yes, it is a fact." "I thought you said you would not believe anything you could not reason out?" "Well, we can't help believing that; that is a fact we see before our eyes." "Truly, on the same ground," said the old man, "I can't help but believe in regeneration, and a man being converted, although I cannot explain how God converted him."

EFFECTS OF REGENERATION.

IT may be that I am talking now to some poor drunkard. When he comes into his house his children listen, and hear by the footfall that their father is coming home drunk, and the little things run away and hide from him as if he were some horrid demon. His wife begins to tremble. Many a time has that great, strong arm been brought down on her weak, defenceless body. Many a day has she carried about marks from that man's violence. He ought to be her protector, support, and stay; but he has become her tormentor. His

home is like hell upon earth; there is no joy there. There may be one such here to-night who hears the good news that he can be born again, and receive a nature from heaven, and receive the Spirit of God. God will give him power to hurl the infernal cup from him. God will give him grace to trample Satan under his feet, and the drunkard will then become a sober man. Go to that house three months hence, and you will find it neat and clean. As you draw near that home you will hear singing; not the noise of the drunkard, that is gone; all things have become new; for he has been born of God, and is singing one of the songs of Zion—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

Or perhaps he is singing that good old hymn that his mother taught him when he was a little boy—

“There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.”

He has become a child of God and an heir of heaven. His children are climbing upon his knees, and he has his arms around their neck. That dark home is now changed into a little Bethel on earth. God dwells there now. Yes, God has done all that, and that is regeneration.

FREE! FREE!

YOU know that in the British Colonies, before the time of Wilberforce, there used to be a great many slaves; but that good man began to agitate the question of setting them free; and all the slaves in the Colonies, when they heard of it, were very anxious to know how he was getting along. They knew the bill was before Parliament; and with them it was a question next to that of life itself. But in those days there were no telegraphs and no steamships. The mails went by the slow sailing-vessels. They would be from six to eight months in making a voyage to some of the more distant of the Colonies. The slaves used to watch for the white sails of British ships, hoping to hear good news, but fearing they might hear bad news. There was a ship which had sailed immediately after the Emancipation Act had been passed and signed by the king, and when she came within hailing distance of the boats which had put off from the shore at the port where she was bound, the captain could not wait to deliver the message officially, and have it duly promulgated by the Government; but, seeing the poor, anxious men standing up in their boats, eager for the news, he placed his trumpet to his mouth, and shouted with all his might: "Free! Free!" Just so the angels shout when the poor bondman of Satan, almost in the jaws of the pit, is taken in hand by the Saviour himself and delivered from the bondage of darkness, into the liberty of God's dear Son. Free—

free from sin—free from the curse of the law—free now, and in a little while free from the bonds of the flesh as well.

I AM MARRIED UNTO YOU.

IN the Old Testament the Lord uses this expression: "I am married unto you." Jer. 3:14. Paul uses the same figure in his epistles, as in Romans 7:4, in setting forth the union between Christ and his church. Now, it is an illustration you can all understand. When a man offers himself the woman must do either of two things—either receive or reject him. So every soul must do one of these two things—"receive" or "reject" Christ. Well, if you receive him, that is all you have to do, he has promised the rest. There was a shop-girl in Chicago a few years ago; one day she could not have bought a pound's worth of anything; the next day she could go and buy a thousand pounds' worth of whatever she wanted. What made the difference? Why, she had married a rich husband; that was all. She had accepted him, and, of course, all he had became hers. And so you can have everything, if you only receive Christ. Remember, you can have no power without him; you will fail, constantly, until you receive him into your heart; and I have Scripture authority to say that Christ will receive every soul that will only come to him.

THE SLAVES AND THE NORTH STAR.

IN our country before the war, when we had slavery, the slaves escaping used to keep their eye on the north star. If a slave fled to the Northern states the slave-master could come and take him back in slavery. But there was another flag on American soil, and if they could only get under that flag they were for ever free. It is called the Union Jack. If they could only get to Canada they were safe, and therefore their eye was always looking towards the north star. They knew if they got into the Northern states there would be some men ready to take them back. So it is with every poor sinner who wants to come to Christ. Many men do all they can to hinder him; others cheer him on. Let us help every man towards the north star. Well, to give you a picture of what used to occur, the moment a man has escaped, perhaps he swims across the Mississippi, or crosses the Ohio river in a little canoe. The master hears of it, and he takes his hounds and sends them on the track, and begins to hunt him down. The slave hears the hounds; they have their nose upon his scent, and his master is coming to take him back. What does he do? He escapes as fast as he can. He makes his way for the frontier, over hedges, bridges, and rivers; away he goes for Canada, day and night. He works hard, and he does not eat much. He is in the greatest haste to get liberty. By-and-by he comes in sight of Canada. He can see that flag floating in front of him,

and he knows that if he can only cross the line before his master and the hounds overtake him, he will be free. The poor black man runs on with all his might, and at last with one bound he goes over the line. He is a free man now. One minute he is a slave ; the next minute he is a free man under the flag of Queen Victoria—the British flag ; and your Parliament says that no man under that flag shall be a bondman. One minute he is liable for the old master to drag him back ; the next minute he shouts : “Free!” If Christ tells us that we are free, we are free.

BORN A CHRISTIAN.

IN the inquiry-room, a person came in, and I said, “Are you a Christian?” “Why,” says she, “of course I am.” “Well,” I said, “how long have you been one?” “O sir, I was born one!” “Oh, indeed ! then I am very glad to take you by the hand ; I congratulate you ; you are the first woman I ever met who was born a Christian ; you are more fortunate than others ; they are born children of Adam.” She hesitated a little, and then tried to make out that, because she was born in England, she was a Christian. There are a great many have the idea, that because they are born in a Christian country, they have been born of the Spirit. Now, in the third chapter of John, the new birth is brought out so plainly, that if any one will read it carefully and prayerfully, I think his eyes will soon be opened. That which is born of the flesh is flesh ; it remains flesh ; and that which is born

of the Spirit is spirit, and remains spirit. So, when a man is born of God, he has God's nature. When a man is born of his parents, he receives their nature, and they receive the nature of their parents, and you can trace it back to Adam. But when a man is born of God, or born from above, or born of the Spirit, he receives God's nature, and then it is he leaves the life of the flesh for the life of the spirit.

CUT THE CORD.

I ONCE heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied; they wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. When the gray dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord! cut the cord! Set yourselves free from the clogging weight of earthly things, and you will soon go on towards heaven.

HAVE YOU GOT THE TOKEN?

THE first thing is to know you are sprinkled with the atoning blood. You go to a railway station, and you buy a ticket, and get into a carriage; and the guard comes round and cries, "Tickets," and you put your hand in your pocket and pull out the ticket, and present that to the man; but the guard does not look to see if you

are a white man or a black, learned or unlearned, great or small. He does not know, perhaps, who you are, or what you are; but he looks for the token. Oh, my friends, God says, "If you have got the token I will pass over you." Have you got the token? That is the question—the solemn question. Exodus 12 : 13.

THE TELEGRAM.

A LADY friend of mine was starting from England, with others, for America, and when she got to Liverpool all her friends wanted to go to the same hotel, but it was full, and they had to go away; but she had been thoughtful enough to take precautions, and had sent a telegram and engaged her room before. Let the news go up on high that you want a mansion there, and write down your name in the book. Drop everything else till you are sure that your names are written in the Book of Life; make up your minds that you will neither eat nor sleep till this great question for time and eternity is settled.



IV.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

I. SORROWS.

HARD UP.

WHEN I first went to Boston my money was soon gone, and my circumstances were getting desperate. Although there was but one mail a day, I went three times a day to the postoffice to see if there was a letter from my sister, and I was awfully glad at last to get it. She had heard that there were a great many pickpockets in Boston, and a large part of that letter was an exhortation to be very careful not to let anybody pick my pocket. Now, this was rather a good joke, for, at that time, I had first to get something in my pocket before it could be picked.

HUGGING THE BURDEN.

“SURELY He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.” Glorious, is it not, to know we have such a Saviour? Can you believe that he has lifted your burden off your shoulders on to his own? Then you will feel light in heart. On one occasion after I had been talking this way, a woman came forward and said, “O Mr. Moody, it’s all very well for you to talk like

that, about a *light heart*. But you are a young man, and if you had a heavy burden like me, you would talk differently. I cannot talk in that way, my burden is too great." I replied, "But it's not too great for Jesus." "Oh," she said, "I cannot cast it on him." "Why not? Surely it is not too great for him. It is not that he is feeble. But it is because you will not leave it with him. You go about hugging your burden, and yet crying out against it. What the Lord wants is that you leave it with him, to let him carry it for you. Then you will have a light heart, sorrow will flee away, and there will be no more sighing. What is your burden, my friend, that you cannot leave it with Christ?" She replied, "I have a son who is a wanderer on the face of the earth. None but God knows where he is." "Cannot Christ find him, and bring him back?" "I suppose he can." "Then, go and tell Jesus, and ask him to forgive you for doubting his power and willingness; you have no right to mistrust him." She went away much comforted, and I believe she ultimately had her wandering boy restored to her!

COMFORT IN BEREAVEMENT.

A FRIEND of mine, who had been in Eastern lands, told me he saw a shepherd who wanted his flock to cross a river. He went into the water himself and called them; but no, they would not follow him into water. What did he do? Why, he girded up his loins, and lifted a little lamb under each arm, and plunged right into the

stream, and crossed it without even looking back. When he lifted the lambs the old sheep looked up into his face and began to bleat for them; but when he plunged into the water the dams plunged after him, and then the whole flock followed. When they got to the other side he put down the lambs, and they were quickly joined by their mothers, and there was a happy meeting. Our great Divine Shepherd does this. Your child which he has taken from the earth is but removed to the green pastures of Canaan, and the shepherd means to draw your hearts after it, to teach you to "set your affections on things above." When he has taken your little Mary, Edith, or John, accept it as a call to look upward and beyond. You, mother, are you weeping bitter tears for your little one? Do not weep! Your child has gone to the place where there is neither weeping nor sorrow. Would you have it return? Surely, never.

GOD LOVES WHOM HE CHASTENS.

MY text is, "God is Love," words that blaze in gas jets over the pulpit of my Chicago church. I shall dwell particularly upon God's chastening those whom he loves, and chastening them because he loves them, and, as an illustration, I will tell you a story concerning my own little girl. She was only six or seven years old, and as bright and merry as could be; but she fell into the habit of getting up cross in the morning, and speaking rudely to her mother and brother. I told her

at last that she must be punished, unless she conquered her habit. But one morning, while I was dressing, I heard her little voice impatiently chiding my wife. After breakfast, when it was time for her to go to school, she stepped up to give me a morning kiss; but I gently pushed her aside, telling her she could not kiss me. The corners of her tiny mouth dropped. Tears welled up into her eyes, and my heart was almost bursting. Slowly and sadly she left the room, without a trace of that childish life in her steps that belonged to her age. She met her mother in the hall, and, with sobs choking her voice, cried: "O mamma, mamma, papa will not kiss me! Ask him if he wont." But when the mother pleaded with me I remained firm, and my little girl dragged her steps wearily down the street. It was the first morning that I ever refused to kiss her, and as I stood in the window I wept while watching her retreating figure. It seemed to me that I had never loved her so well before—so strongly, for I punished her through my own suffering. That day was a long one to me, though I hurried home long before the usual hour, to be there when she returned from school. I sat in the same place where she had left me, and she came timidly and sadly to me, threw herself in my arms, and cried, "Papa, will you forgive me?" I printed a kiss on her little lips, and she knew that she had not lost her father's love, and in her simple understanding she knew that I had not punished her through hate.

2. SANCTIFICATION AND THE HIGHER LIFE.

GROWING IN GRACE.

TO illustrate how a Christian may become different to what he was at first, I may relate the following anecdote: When I was at Mr. Spurgeon's house he showed me the photographs of his two sons who were twins, and whose photographs had been taken every year since they were twelve months old until they were seventeen years old. For the first two years they did not seem to have grown much, but when we compared the first with those of the age of seventeen they seemed to have grown amazingly. So it is with the children of God—they grow in grace. A great many people talk about others being unsound in faith. I believe that one of the graces which require cultivation is more love to the Master, more love to one another, more love for a perishing world, and more love for the lost. There are two lives that every Christian should live. One life he should live alone with God—a life that nobody but God and himself knows—that inner life, that constant communion whereby he draws strength from God; and the other the outer life before the world, adorning the doctrine of Jesus Christ.

UP IN A BALLOON.

CONTRASTING the importance of earthly and heavenly cares, Mr. Moody said: "When men going up in a balloon have ascended a little height, things down here

begin to look very small indeed. What had seemed very grand and imposing now seem as mere nothings; and the higher they rise the smaller everything on earth appears; it gets fainter and fainter as they rise, till the railway train, dashing along at fifty miles an hour, looks like a thread, and scarcely appears to be moving at all, and the grand piles of buildings seem now like mere dots. So it is when we get near heaven; earth's treasures, earth's cares, look very small."

ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

I WILL tell you what happened to me some time ago, when I was out West. I wanted to reach the summit of one of the western mountains. I had been told that sunrise was very beautiful when seen from the summit. We got up to the halfway-house one afternoon, where we were to rest till midnight, and then set out for the top. Soon a little party of us started with a good guide. Before a great while it began to rain, and then it became a regular storm of thunder and lightning. I thought there was little use in going on, and said to the guide, "Guess we'd better turn back; we won't see anything this morning, with all these clouds." "Oh," said the guide, "I expect we'll soon get through these clouds, and get above them, and then we'll have a glorious view." So we went on, while the thunders were rumbling right about our ears. But soon we began to get above the thunder-cloud; the air was quite clear, and



when the sun rose we had a splendid view of his rays as they tinged the hill-tops ; and then, as the glorious sunshine began to break on where we stood, we could see the dark cloud far beneath us. That's what God's people want—to get into the clear air above the stormy clouds, and to climb higher away up to the mountain-peak. There you'll catch the first rays from the Sun of righteousness far above the clouds and mists.

KEEP THE LOWER LIGHTS BURNING.

A FEW years ago at the mouth of Cleveland harbor there were two lights, one at each side of the bay, called the upper and lower lights ; and to enter the harbor safely by night, vessels must sight both of the lights. These western lakes are more dangerous sometimes than the great ocean. One wild, stormy night, a steamer was trying to make her way into the harbor. The captain and pilot were anxiously watching for the lights. By-and-by the pilot was heard to say, "Do you see the lower lights?" "No," was the reply ; "I fear we have passed them." "Ah, there are the lights," said the pilot ; "and they must be, from the bluff on which they stand, the upper lights. We have passed the lower lights, and have lost our chance of getting into the harbor." What was to be done? They looked back, and saw the dim outline of the lower lighthouse against the sky. The lights had gone out. "Can't you turn her head round?" "No ; the night is too wild for that. She wont answer

to her helm." The storm was so fearful that they could do nothing. They tried again to make for the harbor, but they went crash against the rocks, and sank to the bottom. Very few escaped; the great majority found a watery grave. Why? Simply because the lower lights had gone out. Now with us the upper lights are all right. Christ himself is the upper light, and we are the lower lights, and the cry to us is, *Keep the lower lights burning*; that is what we have to do. In the place God has put us he expects us to shine, to be living witnesses, to be a bright and shining light. While we are here our work is to shine for him, and he will lead us safe to the sunlit shore of Canaan, where there is no more night.

THE BLIND MAN'S LANTERN.

OUT West a friend of mine was walking along one of the streets one dark night, and saw approaching him a man with a lantern. As he came up close to him he noticed by the bright light that the man seemed as if he had no eyes. He went past, but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind." He turned around and said, "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes." "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern that people may not stumble over me, of course," said the blind man. Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

A LEAF OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

LET me give you a leaf out of my experience. When I was in Boston I used to attend a Sunday-school class, and one day I recollect a Sabbath-school teacher came round behind the counter of the shop I used to work in, and put his hand on my shoulder and talked to me about Christ and my soul. I had not felt I had a soul till then. I said, "This is a very strange thing: here is a man who never saw me till within a few days, and he is weeping over my sins, and I never shed a tear about them." But I understand it now, and know what it is to have a passion for men's souls and weep over their sins. I don't remember what he said, but I can feel the power of that young man's hand on my shoulder to-night. Young Christian men, go and lay your hand on your comrade's shoulder and point him to Jesus to-night. Well, he got me up to the school, and it was not long before I was brought into the kingdom of God. I went thousands of miles away after that, but I often thought I should like to see that man again. Time rolled on, and at length I was at Boston again; and I recollect, one night when I was preaching there, a fine, noble-looking young man came up the aisle and said, "I should like to speak with you, Mr. Moody; I have often heard my father talk about you." "Who is your father?" I asked. "Edward Kemble," was the reply. "What!" said I, "my old Sunday-school teacher?" I asked him his name, and he said it was Henry, and that he was sev-

enteen years of age. I tried to put my hand on his shoulder just where his father did on my shoulder, and I said to him, "You are just as old as I was when your father put his hand on my shoulder. Are you a Christian, Henry?" "No, sir," he said; and as I talked to him about his soul with my hand on his shoulder, the tears began to trickle down. "Come," said I, "I will show you how you can be saved," and I took him into a pew and quoted promise after promise to him. And I went on praying with him, but as he did not get light, I read to him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: "All we like sheep have gone astray." "Do you believe that, Henry?" "Yes, sir, I know that's true." "'We have turned every one to his own way.' Is that true?" "Yes, sir, that's true, and that's what troubles me: I like my own way." "But there is another sentence yet, Henry: 'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' Do you believe that, Henry?" "No, I do not, sir." "Now," I said, "why should you take a verse of God's word and cut it in two, and believe one part and not another. Here are two things against you, and you believe them; and here is one in your favor, but you wont believe that. What authority have you for serving God's word in that way?" "Well," he said, "Mr. Moody, if I believed *that* I should be saved." "I know you would," I replied, "and that's exactly what I want you to do. But you take the bitter, and wont have the sweet with it." So I held him to that little word *hath*—"He *hath* laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

A CHILD SAVED.

I KNOW a young lady who was sent to a fashionable boarding-school, where she met one faithful Christian, whose example and influence led to her conversion. When she returned home, her parents were annoyed to find her a Christian, for they wanted her to mingle in what is called the first classes. She went to the Sunday-school of her church, and asked the superintendent for a class ; but he, who only thought her a frivolous, fashion-seeking girl, did not give her what she asked. So she picked up a little street Arab, and, hand in hand, walked him into the Sunday-school room, and asked the superintendent for permission to have her little boy to teach all by himself, which was granted. When that boy heard the children sing, it took him off his feet, as the saying is, and on his return to his home he told his mother that he had been among the angels. She questioned him, and said, "That was a Protestant Sunday-school ; do n't go there any more, or I'll tell your father." But he went next Sunday, and the father was duly informed, and the boy duly flogged. But he went again and again, and took his whipping every time cheerfully, until at last he said to his father, "Daddy, wont you flog me before I go, so that the thoughts of it may n't bother me in the Sunday-school ?" The father saw he could n't whip him out of it, so he tried to bribe him. All the week the boy sold apples in the railway-station ; so he promised him if he did not go to the Sunday-school, he

might sell for himself on Saturday afternoons. The boy agreed, and went immediately to the young lady and asked her if he might come to her house, and be taught on the Saturday afternoons, because his father was determined he should not go to the Sunday-school. She gladly consented, and opened week by week his young heart to the truths of Christianity. Shortly afterwards his foot slipped when he was selling his apples at the windows of a railway-carriage, and the train went over both his legs. He asked the doctor who was dressing his horrible wounds, "Doctor, shall I live to get home?" "No, my poor boy," said the doctor, "you're dying now." "Then," said he huskily, "tell 'em at home I died a Christian," and so passed away. When that young lady appears before the great throne she will not be a stranger, for that boy, whose soul she saved, will take her by the hand and lead her to Jesus. And he will watch for her coming, patiently, and spring to meet her when she comes.

DUTY OR LOVE?

I MAKE it a point to go and see my widowed mother at Northfield once a year. Now, suppose I should go there next Thanksgiving Day, and say, "Mother, I did not want to come this time, but a sense of duty compelled me," don't you think that mother would very soon tell me, if that was all that brought me, I need not come again? And yet is not that the way that many Chris-

tians go about the Lord's work? They have no love for it. You often hear of men breaking down in their work. Men will break down who work from a sense of duty; but if they have love in their hearts they will never tire, much less break down.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

ONE afternoon I noticed a young lady at the services whom I knew to be a Sunday-school teacher. After the service I asked her where her class was. "Oh," said she, "I went to the school and found only a little boy, and so I came away." "Only a little boy!" said I. "Think of the value of one such soul! The fires of a Reformation may be slumbering in that tow-headed boy; there may be a young Knox, or a Wesley, or a Whitefield in your class."

EARNESTNESS.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher, dying of consumption, was so anxious about the conversion of his class, that he came to me in great distress of mind. Together we arranged that he should drive to the homes of his respective scholars, and seek to win them to the Saviour. After spending a week at this work, he had the joy of seeing them all brought to a saving knowledge of the truth; and then, ere the dying teacher left the city for his native village, where he wished to end his days, we had a precious reunion of his scholars, all rejoicing in

the Saviour; and when he left one morning by the train for his home, the whole class met at the station to bid him a last earthly farewell.

HOW TO SET TO WORK.

ON one of my rounds of meetings in the state of Indiana, I was riding in the wagon of a quiet Christian brother, who was taking me to my next appointment, when we passed a little schoolhouse which was closed for the day. Telling my friend to stop at the dwelling nearest to it, I stood up in the wagon and hailed at the house. A woman came to the door, and I asked her if there were any religious meetings held in that schoolhouse. "No, indeed," answered the woman; "we haven't any meetings anywhere about here." "Well," said I, "tell all your neighbors there will be prayer-meetings in that schoolhouse every night next week." At the next house we found the teacher of the school, to whom I gave the same announcement, and bade her send the notice by all her scholars. As we rode on, the brother who was conveying me seemed lost in amazement. He knew that I had a long list of appointments in advance, and could not attend those meetings I was giving notice of. At length he said, "You are telling these people there are to be prayer-meetings in that schoolhouse every night next week. I should like to know who is going to conduct them?" "You are," said I. "I!" said the man in astonishment; "I

never did such a thing in my life." "It's time you had, then," said I. "I have made the appointment, and you will have to keep it;" and so the good brother actually went and held the meetings, which filled the little school-house to overflowing, and resulted in a great revival of religion throughout all that neglected region of country.

A FEW WORDS TO PARENTS.

I HAVE been very much cheered in the inquiry-room by having parents bringing some of their children there, and this afternoon at the theatre I found a mother with her little boy weeping. I went over to see if that mother was a Christian, and I found that she was, but the tears rolled over her cheeks as she talked about her boy. "Here is my son," she said, "and I am so anxious that he should be saved." And as I talked to the little fellow, while his little breast was heaving and the tears were running down his cheeks, I could see that the prayers of that mother were answered.

SAVED BY A KISS.

A LADY came into the office of the New York City Mission, and said that, although she did not think she could do very much of active work for the Lord, yet she should like to distribute a few tracts. One day she saw a policeman taking a poor drunken woman to jail—a miserable object, ragged, dirty, with hair disor-

dered ; but the lady's heart went out in sympathy toward her. She found the woman after she came out of jail, and just went and folded her arms around her, and kissed her. The woman exclaimed, "My God ! what did you do that for ?" and she replied, "I do n't know, but I think Jesus sent me to do it." The woman said, "Oh, do n't kiss me any more ; you'll break my heart. Why, nobody has kissed me since my mother died." But that kiss brought the woman to the feet of the Saviour, and for the last three years she has been living a godly, Christian life, won to God by a kiss.

PULL THE NET IN.

IF you are always mending and setting the net, you wont catch many fish. Who ever heard of a man going out to fish, and setting his net, and then letting it stop there, and never pulling it in. Why, everybody would laugh at the man's folly. There was a minister in Manchester, who came to me one day, and said, "I wish you would tell me why we ministers do n't succeed better than we do." So I took up the idea of pulling in the net, and I said, "You ought to pull in your nets. There are a great many in Manchester who can preach much better than I can, but then I pull in the net. A great many people have objections to inquiry-meetings ;" and when I had pointed out the importance of them, the minister said, "I never did pull in the net, but I will try next Sunday morning." He did so, and eight persons,

anxious inquirers, went into his study. The next Sunday he came down to see me, and said, he had never had such a Sunday in his life. The next time he drew the net, there were forty, and when he came to see me at the Opera-House, the other day, he said, "Moody, I have had eight hundred conversions this last year. It is a great mistake I did not begin earlier to pull in the net." So, my friends, if you want to catch men, just pull in the net. If you only catch one it will be something. It may be a little child, but I have known a little child convert a whole family. Why, you do n't know what's in that little dull-headed boy in the inquiry-room; he may become a Martin Luther—a reformer that shall make the world tremble.

THE MAGDALEN.

A POOR fallen woman was in the meeting one Sunday, and while I was speaking, she determined never to go back to the house of shame, where she had been living. She came into the inquiry-meeting, and after some friends had talked with her, I said, "Where's the mother of that girl?" "Oh," she said, "I do n't think my mother will ever forgive me." I said, "I think you are mistaken; I think you misjudge your mother; I never knew a mother that would not forgive her child." A Christian lady took her home that night, and the next day a dear minister of the gospel took her to his house to stay until they could find her mother. Soon after I had a note from the minister, saying that the mother had

been found; and, oh, what a joyful meeting it was between them!

THE PRAYERFUL CRIPPLE.

I ONCE knew a little cripple who lay upon her death-bed. She had given herself to God, and was distressed only because she could not labor for him actively among the lost. Her clergyman visited her, and, hearing her complaint, told her that there from her sick-bed she could offer prayers for those whom she wished to see turning to God. He advised her to write the names down, and then to pray earnestly; and then he went away and thought of the subject no more. Soon a feeling of great religious interest sprang up in the village, and the churches were crowded nightly. The little cripple heard of the progress of the revival, and inquired anxiously for the names of the saved. A few weeks later she died, and among a roll of papers that was found under her little pillow, was one bearing the names of fifty-six persons, every one of whom had in the revival been converted. By each name was a little cross, by which the poor cripple saint had checked off the names of the converts as they had been reported to her.

THE DREAM.

I REMEMBER hearing of a person that was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing, he never did any-

thing. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I remember hearing of a man's dream, in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone; that was left out. He said to the angel, "What is this stone left out for?" The angel replied, "That was left out for you; but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled, and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God; and that man always worked faithfully after that.

NOT BEARING MUCH FRUIT.

I ONCE asked a lady to go and speak to a woman who sat weeping, about her soul. "Oh!" said the lady, "I am afraid I am not qualified for the work; please send some one else." "How long," I said "have you been a Christian?" "Twenty years." Twenty years on the Lord's side, and not qualified to point a soul to Christ! I am afraid there will be a great many starless crowns in glory.

AN OCTOGENARIAN REVIVALIST.

WHEN we went to London there was an old woman, eighty-five years old, who came to the meetings, and said she wanted a hand in that work. She was

appointed to a district, and called on all classes of people. She went to places where we should probably have been turned out, and told the people of Christ. There were none that could resist her. When the old woman, eighty-five years old, came to them, and offered to pray for them, they all received her kindly—Catholics, Jews, Gentiles, all. That is enthusiasm. That is what we want.

MR. MOODY'S CABMAN.

TO show how all classes of society are beginning to think of spiritual matters, Mr. Moody related the following fact, "The cabman who took me home yesterday, after I had alighted from the vehicle, said: 'Baint you Mr. Moody?' I told him I was. He then said: 'Well, had n't you ought to talk to me about my soul? had n't you ought to ask me if I baint saved?' I then spoke to him; but he seemed disappointed to think I had not spoken to him about his soul."

OVER THE PRECIPICE.

A FATHER took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and he lay down under a beautiful shady tree, it being a hot day. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to his father and saying: "Pretty! pretty!" At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought

was "Where is my child?" He looked all around, but he could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted again, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briers, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, and took up the lifeless corpse, and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. While he was sleeping his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought as I heard that what a picture of the Church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men are sleeping now while their children wander over the terrible precipice a thousand times worse than that precipice, right into the bottomless pit of hell. Father, where is your boy to-night? It may be, just out here in some public-house; it may be, reeling through the streets of London, drunk; it may be, pressing on down to a profligate's grave. How many fathers and mothers are there in London—yes, professing Christians too—whose children are wandering away while they are slumbering and sleeping? Is it not time that the church of God should wake up and come to the help of the Lord as one man, and strive to beat back those dark waves of death that roll through our streets, bearing upon their bosom the noblest young men we have?

THE YOUNG ENGLISH PREACHER.

IN Dublin, in 1867, an Englishman, a beardless boy, about seventeen, said to me, "I should like to go to America and preach." I replied, "If I want you, I'll let you know." I came off home. Soon I got a letter from the young man. He said he would come to Chicago and preach, if I wanted him. Another letter, and another, and at last he said he'd be in Chicago next Thursday and preach for me. I was going away, and I told my friends this young man was coming, and they'd better let him preach; and if he did not suit, then I'd take him off their hands when I came back on Saturday. When I returned, I asked my wife how the people liked the young man. "Why very much." He had preached two sermons from the same text, John 3:16: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I went to hear him myself. I found the people brought their Bibles, and he took for his text John 3:16, and pointed to Scripture from Genesis to Revelation, to show that God loved them. How they listened—eyes, mouth, and ears open—to catch the truth. Seven sermons, one after the other, from that text, and the last night he was in Chicago he took the same text, saying, "Ah, I have tried to tell you how God loves you, but if I should ask Gabriel, he could only say: 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

AN AMERICAN HEROINE.

I HAVE great respect for the woman that started out during the war with a poker. She heard the enemy were coming and went to resist them. When some one asked her what she could do with a poker, she said she would at least let them know what side she was on. And that is what we want, and the time is coming when the line must be drawn in this city, and those on Christ's side must take their stand; and the moment we come out boldly, and acknowledge Christ, then it is that men will begin to inquire what they must do to be saved.

UNITY.

WHAT we want is unity among God's people. When there is union, I do not believe any power, earthly or infernal, can stand before the work. When the church, the pulpit, and the pew get united, and God's people are all of one mind, Christianity is like a red-hot ball rolling over the earth, and all the hosts of death and hell cannot stand before it. I believe that men will then come flocking into the kingdom by hundreds and thousands. "By this," says Christ, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." If we only love one another, and pray for one another, there will be success. God will not disappoint us. When General Grant was in front of Richmond, and his army had been repulsed in the Wilderness, he called together his co-commanders and held a council, and asked them what they

thought he had better do. There were General Sherman and General Howard, now leading generals, and all thought he had better retreat. He heard them through, and then broke up the council of war, and sent them back to their headquarters ; but before morning an orderly came round with a despatch from the general directing an advance in solid column on the enemy at daylight. That was what took Richmond, and broke down the rebellion in our country. Christians of London, let us advance in solid column against the enemy ; let us lift high the standard, and in the name of our God let us lift up our voice, and let us work together, shoulder to shoulder, and keep our eye single to the honor and glory of Christ. Let us pray that we may get self out of the way, and that Christ may be all and in all, and then we shall have great success. Let our watchword be, " Here am I ; send me."

DON'T GET DISCOURAGED.

I REMEMBER a few years ago how I got very much discouraged and disheartened, and how the Lord took me out of my doubts and fears. I had been at work some time and had n't seen much fruit of my labor, and I had got very much discouraged and disheartened, and very greatly cast down. One Monday—I had had a very barren Sunday, and I was in my study in the morning, and I was just weeping. I could n't keep back the tears. It seemed as if there was n't any pleasure in working for

God where there was no fruit. Well, one of my Sabbath-school teachers came in—his Sabbath-school lessons are equal to a sermon—and he said to me, “Well, Moody, what kind of a time did you have yesterday?” “Truly,” said I, “about as dark a Sabbath as I have ever had. What kind of a time did you have?” “Oh! I had one of the best times I have ever had in my life.” He was away up in the mountain, and I was away down in the valley. My head was down like a bullrush, and his was up in the clouds. Said he, “I was on Noah yesterday. Did you ever preach on his character?” I said “No; I didn’t think I had studied it particularly.” “Now,” said he, “if you think you are not doing anything, you read it. I advise you to take that subject up and study it a little.” And when he went away I got out my Bible, and the thought came over me, Here is a man who labored and talked a hundred years, and didn’t get a convert; and he didn’t get discouraged. Here is a man that never led one soul to God outside his own family. I closed my Bible, and went down town with my head up and the darkness all gone. In the meeting a man got up and put his hand on my chair, trembling in every limb, and said he, “My friend, I am lost. I wish you would pray for my soul.” I thought to myself, What would Noah think of that? He had been at work a hundred years, and never had a man ask him that; and yet he hadn’t grown discouraged. One man said, “I come from a little town in Illinois; and when there at the union services, we took in a hundred converts in that

little town." And I thought again, What would Noah say to that? But the old man kept at work, and never got discouraged. He took God at his word, and worked right on. And, my friends, from that time I have never been discouraged. The thought of that lifts me right up out of the darkness into the light. Don't get discouraged.

THE NEGLECTFUL BRIDGE-KEEPER.

A MAN who had charge of a swing-bridge opened it just to oblige a friend who said there was plenty of time for his boat to go through before the train of cars came along. But a moment after the lightning-like express came thundering on and dashed into the dark waters below. The bridge-keeper, whose neglect had caused the disaster, lost his reason, and his life since has been spent in a mad-house. The first and only words he uttered when the train leaped into the open chasm were, "If I only had!" and he has gone on constantly repeating the vain regret. Ah! that will be the cry in the lost world: "If I only had!"

LOST! LOST! LOST!

IN a narrow close of Glasgow there lay a poor man who was dying, and who cried out, "Lost! lost! lost!" His mother heard him, and asked, "Is it possible that you have lost your faith in God?" "No," said he, "I have a hope of heaven, but I have lost my life. I have

lived twenty-four years and have done nothing for the Lord." How many Christians are there in this house, who, if they were to die, would die as this man did, having done nothing for the Lord?

THE PREACHER AND THE JUDGE.

A PREACHER was riding out to a service with a prominent judge, and said, "Judge, I want you to speak to-night." "Oh," said the judge, "I can't do that; I have never spoken in a church in my life." When they got to the place they found the room full, and the preacher said, "Judge, I want you to answer a few questions," and then got the man to tell when he was converted, and something of his experience. The whole audience was broken down, and many were converted. Oh, shame on us Christians of the nineteenth century, that we should not be willing to confess Christ before men.

THE LITTLE NORWEGIAN BOY.

IF a man wants to join the army he must be ready to wear the uniform; and we must as Christians be ready to show that we belong to Christ. In a prayer-meeting at Boston I once attended, most of those who took part were old men; but a little tow-headed Norwegian boy, who could only speak broken English, got up and said, "If I tell the world about Christ, he will tell

the Father about me." That wrote itself upon my heart, and I have never forgotten what that little boy said.

HOLD THE FORT.

MR. MOODY, in giving out the hymn, "Hold the fort, boys," said, "I am told that when General Sherman went through Atlanta towards the sea—through the Southern states—he left in the fort in the Kennesaw mountains a little handful of men to guard some rations that he brought there. And General Hood got into the rear and attacked the fort, drove the men in from the outer work into the inner works, and for a long time the battle raged fearfully. Half of the men were either killed or wounded; the general who was in command was wounded seven different times; and when they were about ready to run up the white flag and surrender the fort, Sherman got within fifteen miles, and through the signal corps on the mountain he sent the message: 'Hold the fort; I am coming. W. T. Sherman.' That message fired up their hearts, and they held the fort until re-enforcements came, and the fort did not go into the hands of their enemies. Our friend, Mr. Bliss, has written a hymn entitled 'Hold the fort, for I am coming,' and I'm going to ask Mr. Sankey to sing that hymn. I hope there will be thousands of young converts coming into the ranks to help hold the fort. Our Saviour is in command, and he is coming. Let us take up the chorus."

THE DETERMINED GENERAL.

THERE is a story in the history of the ninth century of a young general coming up, with a handful of men, to attack a king who had an army of thirty thousand. And when the king heard this young general had only five hundred men, he sent a messenger to him to say that if he would surrender, the king would have mercy on him and save his life. The general heard the messenger through, and when he had finished he called up one of his private soldiers, and throwing a dagger to him, said, "Take that and drive it into your heart." The man took it, drove it into his heart, and fell dead. Calling up another, he said, "Leap into yonder chasm." And the man leaped to his death at once. Then turning to the messenger, the general said, "Go back to your master and tell him I have five hundred such men as those. We die, but never surrender." When the king heard that, it struck terror to his heart, and his whole army became demoralized and fled; and within forty-eight hours that young general had him chained a prisoner.

*THE CHEERING WORD.*

INSTEAD of finding fault, cheer on the young men. I have been cheered by an old man coming up to me, with tears running down his cheeks, and saying, "God bless you, young man. I can't work much more, but I can pray." Oh, how it cheers me! I remember when I first went away from home. It was only twelve miles;

but I've never been so far since as that seemed to me then. I had left my mother and sisters for the first time in my life, and if I ever needed a kind word, or a word of cheer, it was then. I was walking down the street with my brother, who had gone there a year before; and as we were going along, my brother said, pointing out an old gentleman, "There's a man that will give you a cent. He gives every new boy that comes to this town a cent. He gave me one, and I know he will you." I looked at him. I thought he was the finest-looking man I ever saw. When he came up to us, he said to my brother, "Why, this is a new boy in the town, is n't it?" And he said, "Yes, sir; he's just come." He wanted him to be sure I had n't got the cent. The old man took off my hat, and put his trembling hand on my head, and said, "Well, God bless you, my boy. I am told your father is dead; but you've got a Father in heaven." He gave me a bran-new cent. I don't know what has become of the cent; but I can feel the pressure of the old man's hand upon my head to-day. He gave me what I wanted so much—a kind and cheering word.

THE MAN AT THE LAMP-POST.

I REMEMBER one night when I was going home. It was about ten o'clock. I had n't spoken to any one. It was when I was in Chicago. And I was on my way home and was watching for some one; and I came up to a lamp-post, and there stood a man. I stepped up and

put my hand on his shoulder very kindly, and I said, "Are you a Christian?" He turned with an oath, and told me it was none of my business. But I talked with him kindly, and left him. He knew me, but I didn't know him; and one day he said to a friend of mine, whom he knew, "Now, you're a friend of Moody's, and I want you to go and talk with him. He is doing more hurt than any man in Chicago. I was standing at a lamp-post the other night at ten o'clock. I was never introduced to him and didn't know him; but he came up to me and asked me if I was a Christian. I was never so insulted in my life." The friend came to me and argued with me a long time. But I said I didn't intend to do the man an injury, but just spoke to him kindly about Christ. Three months passed away, and one morning he came to me, when I had rooms at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, before I was married. I went to the door and asked who was there. He said, "A stranger. I want to see you about my soul." I got up and opened the door, and he said, "Do you remember me?" I said, "No." Said he, "I am the man you met three months ago at a lamp-post, and I have come to tell you I have had no peace since that time. I want to have you pray for me." The man went away, became a member of a mission Sunday-school, took a class, and became a good worker. I have thanked God a thousand times that I spoke to that man in season. I believe that hundreds can be met.

THE COURAGEOUS FIREMAN.

YOU have all seen the account printed so many times of the fireman going up the burning building. You remember there was a child seen up in the fourth story. The flames had already got around the staircase, and it was supposed that everybody was taken out ; when away up in the fourth story was discovered a little child, crying for help. What could be done? No one dared venture up the burning building. The walls were almost ready to fall. At last a bold, courageous fireman put up his ladder, and started up for the child ; but when he got to the second story the flames were so hot that he wavered and seemed about to come down. If he did the child must perish. Some one in the crowd happened to think, and cried out, "Cheer him!" And cheer upon cheer went up ; and up the ladder he went, and brought down the child. And many a soul would be saved if God's people would cheer on the young men and young converts.

6. INCIDENTS REFERRING TO DEATH AND THE
FUTURE STATE.

A FUNERAL SERMON.

I WAS called to preach at a funeral once, and I thought I would try to preach as nearly as I could as Christ used to preach. So I searched the record, but I found that *Jesus Christ never preached a funeral sermon* : for

when *He* went to a funeral, *the dead body always arose and lived*. He has taken the sting from death for all his people.

THE STING OF DEATH EXTRACTED.

THE reason I like the Gospel is, that it has taken out of my path the worst enemies I ever had. My mind goes back to twenty years ago, before I was converted, and I think very often how dark it used to seem at times as I thought of the future. There was *Death!* what a terrible enemy it seemed! I was brought up in a little village in New England. It was the custom there when a person was buried to toll out the age of the man at his funeral. I used to count the strokes of the bell. Death never entered that village, and tore away one of the inhabitants, but I always used to count the tolling of the bell. Sometimes it would be a way up to seventy, or between seventy and eighty; beyond the life allotted to man, when man seemed living on borrowed time when cut off. Sometimes it would be clear down in the teens and childhood, for death had taken away one of my own age. It used to make a solemn impression on me; I used to be a great coward. When it comes to death, some men say, "I do not fear it." I feared it, and felt terribly afraid when I thought of the cold hand of death feeling for the cords of life, and thought of being launched into eternity, to go to an unknown world. I used to have dreadful thoughts of God; but they are all gone now. Death has lost its sting.

And as I go on through the world I can shout now, when the bell is tolling: "O death, where is thy sting?" And I hear a voice come rolling down from Calvary: "Buried in the bosom of the Son of God." He robbed death of its sting; he took away the sting of death when he gave his own bosom to the stroke.

THE ROLL-CALL.

A SOLDIER lay on his dying couch during our last war, and they heard him say: "Here!" They asked him what he wanted, and he put up his hand and said, "Hush! they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name;" and presently he whispered, "Here!" and he was gone. That great roll is being called. My friends, your name may come to-night—mine may come. Is your name in the Book of Life? If it is we will go up from earth with a shout of victory upon our lips; it will be no sad summons. But to die without God, without hope, without our names written in the Book of Life, oh, how sad, how dark, how terrible! May God help you to-night, each and every one that is without God and without hope, to press into the kingdom: that is the prayer of my heart.

SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

A N eminent minister in America, Alfred Cookman, the Robert McCheyne of his day, was dying, and when his friends were gathered round his couch waiting

to see him depart to be with Christ, his face lit up, and with a shout of triumph, he said: "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the Blood of the Lamb!" And this echoes and re-echoes through America to-day—"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the Blood of the Lamb!" May these be our last words, and may an abundant entrance be granted us into the gates of the heavenly city!

BLOOD—BLOOD—BLOOD!

AN aged minister of the Gospel, when on his dying bed, said: "Bring me the Bible." Putting his finger upon the verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin," he said, "I die in the hope of this verse." It was n't his fifty years' preaching, but the blood of Christ. When we stand before God's tribunal we shall be as white as snow, because we shall be washed in the blood of the Lamb. During the American war a doctor heard a wounded man saying, "Blood, blood, blood!" The doctor thought this was because he had seen so much blood, and sought to divert his mind. The man smiled, and said: "I was n't thinking of the blood upon the battle-field, but I was thinking how precious the blood of Christ is to me as I am dying." As he died, his lips quivered: "Blood, blood, blood!" and he was gone. That blood will be precious when we come to our dying-bed—it will be worth more than all the world then.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

I WAS reading, some time ago, of a little child whose mother was sick, and the child was not old enough to understand about the sickness of the mother. It was taken away, and when the mother died, they thought they would rather have the child remember its mother as she was when she was well, and so they did not take her back till after the mother was buried. They then brought the child home, and she ran into the drawing-room to meet her mother, and her mother was not there. The little thing was disappointed, and ran into all the rooms, but could not find her mother. She began to cry, and asked them to send her back; she did not want to stay; home had lost its attraction because mother was not there. What is going to make heaven so delightful? It wont be the pearly gates; it wont be the jasper walls; but it will be that we shall see the King in his beauty, and shall behold him, and not only him, but those that have gone before us.

"HIGHER AND HIGHER."

A DYING child said to his father, "Lift me up," and the father tenderly lifted the child higher on the pillow. But again the child said, "Lift me up," and the father took him in his arms. Then the child said faintly, "Higher, higher, higher," until the father had lifted him as high as he could stretch his arms, and as the last "higher" was whispered, God came down and took the little one to his eternal home.

TOO LATE.

I WAS closing the meeting one day at our church in Chicago, when a young soldier got up and entreated the people to decide for Christ at once. He said he had just come from a dark scene. A comrade of his, he said, who had enlisted with him, had a father who was always entreating him to become a Christian, and in reply he always said he would when the war was over. At last he was wounded, and was put into the hospital, but got worse, and was gradually sinking. One day, a few hours before he died, a letter came from his sister, but he was too ill to read it. Oh, it was such an earnest letter. The comrade read it to him, but he did not seem to understand it, he was so weak, till it came to the last sentence, which said, "Oh, my dear brother, when you get this letter, will you not accept your sister's Saviour?" The dying man sprang up from his cot, and said, "What do you say? what do you say?" and then, falling back on his pillow, feebly exclaimed, "It is too late! it is too late!"

THE CONVERT'S DEATH.

WHEN we were in Edinburgh we finished our work at about the close of the year. The last night of the old year I was pleading with the people to come to Christ and settle the question then and there. There was a young lady to return home that week. She had finished her education, and she was going back to Aberdeen. The Spirit of God touched her heart, and she

entered the kingdom of God. The next day she went to one of the ministers and said, "Can't you give me something to do?" He gave her some tracts to distribute. She went to work, and the next day she came to the meeting for the last time. She got all her things packed the next morning, and was going back to Aberdeen. She got into the railway carriage. She had one of our little hymn-books open at her favorite hymn—the hymn that Mr. Sankey sang this afternoon: "The gate is ajar for me." At Emmanuel Junction there was a collision, and the poor girl was crushed. We were at Dundee. We had only gone there. We heard the sad news, and that one of the young converts of Edinburgh was just dying; when we made inquiries we found that her own blood had marked the hymn, and that she had died singing, "The gate's ajar for me, for me." Those were her last words.

THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

A FRIEND in Chicago took a number of children out one beautiful day in the summer. They were the children of a large Sabbath-school, and they were to have a day in the country. There was a little boy on the platform of the railway-station, and by some accident he fell down under the wheels, and the whole train passed over him. The train went back, and the body was found so mangled that the superintendent had to take off his coat to tie up the mangled corpse. He left it at the station, and, taking two of the teachers with

him, went to the house of the parents. (The little boy was an only one.) When they got to the house, one said to the others, "You go in." "No, I cannot," was the reply. The superintendent wanted the teachers to go in, because he thought the parents would blame him; but the teachers refused to go. So the superintendent went in. He found the parents in the dining-room at dinner. He called the father out, thinking that he would tell the father first, that he might break the news to the mother. Taking him into another room, he said, "I have sad news to tell you; your little Jemmie has got run over." The father turned deadly pale. "Is he dead?" he asked. "Yes, sir, he is dead." Then the father rushed into the dining-room, and instead of breaking the news gently to his wife, he cried out like a madman, "Dead, dead!" The mother said, "Who?" "Our little Jemmie." Said the young man who told it to me the next day, "I cannot tell you what I suffered when that mother came rushing out to me, and said, 'Where is my boy? Where are his remains? Take me to them that I may see him.' I told the mother that the body was so mangled that she could not identify it; and she fainted away at my feet." Said he, "Moody, I would not be the messenger of such tidings as that again, if you would give me all Chicago." There is not a mother or a father in this hall but would say that it is terrible to lose a beautiful child like that, to have it swept away so suddenly. Well, it is terrible; but, my friend, what is that in comparison with the loss of the soul?

THE DYING MOTHER'S CHARGE.

THERE was a mother lay dying some time ago, and she requested her children to be brought to her bedside. The eldest one came in first, and putting her loving hands on his head, she gave him a mother's parting message. Then came another, and then another. To all of them she gave her parting message, until the last—the seventh one, an infant—was brought in. She was so young she could not understand the message of love; so the mother gave it to her husband for her, and then she took the child to her bosom and kissed it and caressed it, until her time was almost up. Then turning to her husband, she said, "I charge you to bring all these children home to heaven with you."

TWO DEATH-BED SCENES.

IF you want your children saved, lead the way, and then they will follow you. I never speak to parents on this subject but I think of two men whom I know. One of them is a wealthy man, and says he would give all the wealth he has got if he had his boy back here again. He lived to be seventeen years old, when he was brought home in a dying condition. An accident overtook him; and the family physician was brought for him, and they entreated the doctor to bring the boy to consciousness before he died. And at last he recovered a little, and looking around, saw his father, who said,

"My son, do you know that you are dying?" "No. Is this death that I feel?" "Yes, my boy. It is death." "Well, father, wont you pray for my lost soul?" And the father wept, and said he could not pray. Seventeen long years God had given him that boy, and he had never breathed his name in prayer once. Then he said to his mother, "Mother, you pray for me." But she could n't pray. And soon afterwards he became unconscious again and died. The father says that if he could go to the grave, and bring the boy back again long enough to bring him to Christ, he would give all his wealth. But it was too late. He had gone! The other man—and what a contrast between the two!—the other man was an elder in a New York church. He came home one day. His child had been sick; but he did n't consider him dangerously ill. His wife was weeping. Said he, "What's the trouble?" "Why, there's been a great change in our child since morning, and I am afraid he is dying. I wish you would go in, and tell me if you think he is." The father went in and placed his hand on his forehead, and he felt the cold damp of death stealing over him. And he said, "My son, do you know you are dying?" "No. Am I?" "Yes." "Will I die to-day, father?" "Yes. You cannot live until night." And a smile crossed the boy's face, and he said, "Well, then, I will be with Jesus to-night; wont I, father?" "Yes, my boy, you will be with the Saviour." And the father turned his head to hide the tears. But the boy saw them, and he said, "Father, don't you weep for me.

When I get to heaven I will go right straight to Jesus, and I will tell him that ever since I can remember you have tried to lead me to him."

THE LAST SONG.

HOW many times I have been called to the bedside of dying soldiers in the hospitals during the war! I remember once seeing a lad that was dying who had been wounded some time before. He asked me if I could sing. I told him, "No." He said, "I wish you would try." I repeated the words of a hymn. He took it up and tried to sing, and did sing, and died with the words upon his lips. And so he passed away. It was like being at the very gate of heaven. The Lord had put a new song into his mouth.

NO HOME BEYOND THE GRAVE.

I HAVE been told of a wealthy man who died recently. Death came unexpectedly to him, as it almost always does; and he sent out for his lawyer to draw his will. And he went on willing away his property; and when he came to his wife and child, he said he wanted them to have the home. But the little child did n't understand what death was. She was standing near, and she said, "Papa, have you got a home in that land you are going to?" The arrow reached that heart; but it was too late. He saw his mistake. He had got no home beyond the grave.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SKEPTIC'S DREAM.

I HEARD of a man some time ago who was going to get into heaven in his own way. He did not believe in the Bible or the love of God, but was going to get in on account of his good deeds. He was very liberal, gave a great deal of money, and he thought the more he gave, the better it would be for him in the other world. I don't, as a general thing, believe in dreams, but sometimes they teach good lessons. Well, this man dreamed one night that he was building a ladder to heaven, and he dreamed that every good deed he did put him one round higher on this ladder, and when he did an extra good deed, it put him up a good many rounds; and in his dream he kept going, going up, until at last he got out of sight, and he went on and on doing his good deeds, and the ladder went up higher and higher, until at last he thought he saw it run up to the very throne of God. Then in his dream he thought he died, and that a mighty voice came rolling down from above: "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber," and down came his ladder, and he woke from his sleep, and thought, "If I go to heaven, I must go some other way." My friends, it is by the way of the

blood of Christ that we are to go to heaven. If a man has got to work his way there, who will ever get there?

LAST WORDS.

I was on the Pacific coast some time ago, and there they were telling me about a stage-driver who had died a little while before; and you that have been there know that those men make a good deal of the brake, for they have to keep their feet upon it all the time going down the mountains; and as this poor fellow was breathing his last in his bed, he cried out, "I am on the down-grade, and can't reach the brake!" Those were his last words. There was not a stage-driver when I was there but was talking about it.

THE FIRST AND SECOND ADAM.

ONCE when I was going to speak in a little town, on our way there, there was a young man riding in front of us, and I said to my companion, "Who is that young man? I do not remember to have seen him before." He said, "Look over there. Do you see that beautiful meadow, and that large farm, and the house over there? That young man's father drank that all up while he lived, and his son there went away, and began industriously to work and accumulate money, and came back, redeemed the old homestead, and took his mother out of the poorhouse, and is now on his way to the

church with his mother." That was like the story of the old Adam. He did the same thing. He sold us into the hands of justice, but the Son of God came and bought us back again.

NO TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

A COUPLE of friends of mine in the war called upon one of our great Illinois farmers to get him to give some money for the soldiers ; and during their stay he took them up to the cupola of his house and told them to look over yonder, just as far as their eyes could reach, over that beautiful rolling prairie, and they said, "That is very nice." Yes, and it was all his. Then he took them up to another cupola, and said, "Look at that farm, and that, and that." These were farms stocked, improved, fenced ; and they said, "Those are very nice ;" and then he showed them horses, cattle, and sheep-yards, and said, "They are all mine." He showed them the town where he lived, which had been named after him, a great hall, and building-lots, and those were all his ; and, said he, "I came out West a poor boy, without a farthing, and I am worth all this." But when he got through, my friend said, "How much have you got up yonder?" and the old man's countenance fell, for he knew very well what that meant. "What have you got up there—in the other world?" "Well," he says, "I have not got anything there." "Why," says my friend, "what a mistake ! A man of your intelligence and fore-

thought and judgment, to amass all this wealth, and now that you are drawing to your grave, you will have to leave it all. You cannot take a farthing with you, but you must die a beggar and a pauper ;” and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, “It does look foolish.” Only a few months after he died, as he had lived, and his property passed to others.

THE SLAUGHTERED LAMB.

I HAVE heard of an English lady who was greatly troubled about her soul for several months, and the way her conversion was brought about was this: She told her servant one day to go out and kill a lamb, and told him what to do with all the different parts except the blood, and presently, after he had killed the lamb, he came in and asked her, “What shall I do with the blood of the lamb?” And God used it as the arrow that should go into her soul; for she began to walk her room and ask herself, “What shall I do with the blood of the Son of God?” And I ask you all, what are you going to do with that precious blood that flows from Calvary? Are you going to let it cleanse you from sin? What say you?

ALL ONE AT THE CROSS.

JUST before the war came on, during the days of slavery, I was in Boston. They were very exciting times then, and Dr. Kirk was preaching on the subject

of the Cross. It was during the great strife, when there was a great deal of hatred and suspicion against foreigners then in our country. It was in the time of the Know-Nothing party, and there was a strong feeling against the blacks, and a great deal more against the Irish. Dr. Kirk said when he came up to the Cross to get salvation, he found a poor black man on the right and an Irishman on the left, and the blood came trickling down from the wounded side of the Son of God and made them all brothers, and all alike and equal. That is what the blood does. It makes us all one kindred, and brings us all into the family of God. We are all saved by the same blood.

SEEKING THE LORD EARNESTLY.

THERE was a lady came to our meeting in Philadelphia—to the noon prayer-meeting at 11 o'clock; she came early, so as to get a good seat. After the meeting was over we had another meeting for women, and she stayed at that. In the afternoon we had another meeting, and she stayed at that. She had made up her mind not to leave the meetings till she had found Christ. She did not find him at that meeting, but she might have found him. He was offered freely to every one of them. So she stayed at the afternoon meeting, and still no light came. She stayed at the evening-meeting, and went into the inquiry-room afterwards. Between 11 and 12 o'clock she took me by the hand, and said, "I will trust Him." And she rejoiced in the Saviour's love.

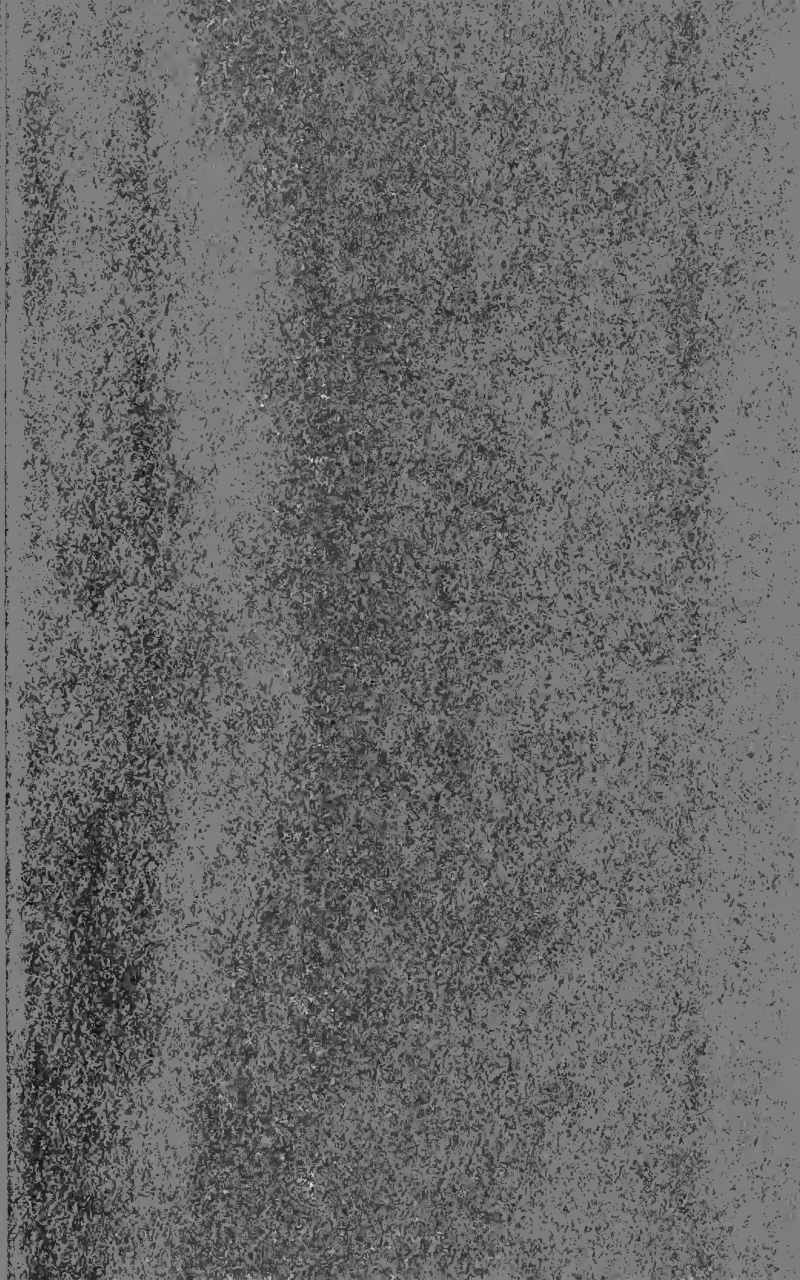
I met her afterwards. There was not a face shone more than hers did. There was a woman who came determined to find him. When we search for God with all our hearts we are sure to find him.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A LITTLE child at one of the meetings was seen talking so earnestly to a companion, that a lady sat down by her to hear what she was saying, and found that the dear child was telling how much Jesus loved her, and how she loved him, and asked her little companion if she would not love him too. The lady was so much impressed by the child's words that she spoke to an anxious soul that very night, for the first time in her life. And so "a little child shall lead them."







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